CALISTO:

OR,

The Chaſte Nimph.

THE LATE

MASQUE

AT

COURT,

As it was frequently Preſented there,

By ſeveral Perſons of Great Quality.

WITH THE

PROLOGUE, and the SONGS

BETWIXT THE ACTS.

All Written by J. CROWNE.

LONDON,

Printed by *Tho: Newcomb*, for *James Magnes* and *Richard Bentley*, at the *Poſt-Office* in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* in *Covent-Garden*. 1675.

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To Her Highneſs, the

Lady MARY,

Eldeſt Daughter of His Royal Highneſs

THE DUKE.

MADAM,

BEing unexpectedly called out of my Obſcurity, to the Glory of ſerving your Highneſs, (and indeed the whole Court) in an Entertainment ſo conſiderable as this; my fears and amazements were ſuch as (I believe) Shepherds and Herdſmen had of old, when from their Flocks and Herds they were call'd to Propheſie to Kings. I knew not how to interpret the meaning of that Command, which laid on ſuch feeble ſhoulders, a burden too heavy for the ſtrongeſt to bear. Fain would I have ſhrunk back again into my former ſhades, and hid my ſelf in my Native Obſcurity; but fearing to diſpute with Oracles, and reſiſt Heavenly Powers, I adventur'd on dangerous Obedience, knowing that if I muſt periſh, it was better to periſh a Martyr, than a Criminal. But recollecting my ſelf, I remembred that Divine Commands were Preſages rather of Favour, than Ruine; That when Heaven preſt any to his Wars, he gave 'em Courage, as well as Pay: This made me hope, that in the glorious Work to which I was called, I ſhould be inſpired.

And this I thought it my duty to believe, when I remembred in whose Service I was employ'd, in the Service of a Princess; over whose great and victorious Father, a glorious Genius *alwayes hover'd, assisting the meanest of his Followers, when engaged in Services of his, of what kind soever; and sure (thought I) he will not neglect me, now I serve so fair, so excellent, and so considerable a part of him; now I am under the shadow of his wings, I shall partake of his influence. This made me think it a sin to despair, and thrust me on with all the boldness and giddiness (but, to my sorrow, not with the exalted Raptures) of one inspired: For, after all, it was not with me according to my Faith. This Poem savours too little of Inspiration, and too much of my own weak unassisted self: Nay, as it was first written, it came even short of my self, and sure that must be a wretched thing which wants the perfection I can give it. And though no man is to blame for having no more Wit than he has, yet he is an ill-manner'd Churle, who will not spend his whole stock to entertain such a Guest. For my defects and inabilities, Nature alone must answer, (and I am heartily sorry for them) but I must, with all submission, charge your Highness with being the occasion of my latter Offence. If you will invite your Self to the greatest Table in* England, *and not give 'em time to prepare, you will not find an Entertainment fit for you. A Poem is a thing, consists of many and different Images; and though a Man's Estate be but small, yet if it lies in many hands, it will require time to get it in. Nature her self proceeds always slowly, and gradually, to Perfection; nay, we find*

Heaven

Heaven pondering and consulting when he was to make a Creature on which he meant to bestow Excellence. I will not pretend, that I have Materials in me, to have formed a Poem of such perfection, as so great an Occasion required; but I am certain I could have written something more worthy of your Highnesses Favor, and the great Honor to which this was preferred, had I had time enough allowed me to ripen my Conceptions. But (Madam) if your Highness did expect, I should have endited Thoughts fine as your own, and made you speak as excellently as you think, you then laid a task on me too great for any thing but an Angel. For none can have Angelical Thoughts, but they who have Angelical Virtues; and none do, or ever did, in so much Youth, come so near the perfection of Angels as your Self, and your young Princely Sister, in whom all those Excellencies shine, which the best of us can but rudely paint. But, Madam, what need was there of that perfection of Wit, the Charms of your Person, Youth, and Meen, the Lustre of your high Quality, and the extraordinary Grace that attended every thing you said and did, spoke to the Eyes and Souls of all that saw you, in a Language more Divine than Wit can invent, in a Language wherein Nature entertain'd 'em with her own Ingenuity, and by a thousand charming Expressions so took up all their attention, that the best of Writers could not have made you speak any thing, your Audience would have been at leisure to regard, or for which they would have descended from one moments pleasure of admiring you. The foresight of this, made Fortune, who always loves to favor the least deserving, throw the

honour

honour of this service to me; she knew there was no need of Excellence in a Writer, when there was so much in you; and since the best of Writers would not have appeared considerable, indulged her humor in selecting the worst: A favor, which in many respects exalts me above all my Contemporaries, and will make the World judge me, though not the best, the happiest Writer of the Age.

But, Madam, as it is the Fate of all things to be subject to inconstancy, and neither happiness nor misery last long, especially when in Extremes: This Poem, made like the first Man, by the Command, and for the Service of a Divinity, (almost out of nothing too) and placed at the instant of its formation, in a Paradise of Happiness and Honor, now driven from its blest Estate, and its ever flourishing Gardens, is going to wander round the World, in a condition of Poverty, Misery, and Exile; where, in stead of its past Felicities, the many Visions of Heaven, when the sovereign Glories of this Isle descended frequently to visit (and seem'd to recreate themselves in) its Bowers; in stead of the extreme Lustre it received from the most graceful action of your Highness, of the Princess Anne your Sister, and of the other young Ladies, which like so many beautiful Angels attended you, it is now condemned to Want and Nakedness, to starve under the cold wind of Censure, to all the sufferings that the Native of a rich and happy Soyle, must expect when banisht to cold and barbarous Regions. In this condition, forced by its misery, and bound by the duty of a Creature, it makes this humble Sacrifice of it self to

your

your Highneſs, to beg ſuch a ſhare of your Protection and Favor, as may enable it to live in a condition, becoming a Creature which had once the Honor to be ſo near to you, and to receive ſuch particular Graces from you. Your Highneſſes Favor will yet make it ſpend its dayes in Honor, revive with pleaſure the remembrance of the paſt Glories, and give an immortality, not only to this poor Poem, but to the (otherwiſe) moſt obſcure name of,

MADAM,

Your Highneſſes moſt humble

And moſt devoted Servant,

John Crowne.

MADAM,

Your Highneſſes moſt humble

And moſt devoted Servant,

John Crowne.

TO THE READER.

READER,

IF you were ever a Spectator of this following Entertainment, when it was Repreſented in its Glory, you will come (if you come at all) with very dull Appetite, to this cold lean Carkaſs of it. The Dancing, Singing, Muſick, which were all in the higheſt Perfection, the moſt graceful Action, incomparable Beauty, and rich and ſplendid Habit of the Princeſſes, whoſe Luſtre received no moderate encreaſe from the Beauties and rich Habits of the Ladies who had the Honor to accompany 'em, and ſhare in the performance, muſt needs have afforded you a delight ſo extraordinary, that this will appear very inſipid. If you have never ſeen it, then (perhaps) you may receive ſome pleaſure; but yet (I fear) not ſo much as you expect. You (no doubt) will imagine, (and you have reaſon) that an Entertainment ſo much honoured and adorned, followed at innumerable Rehearſals, and all the Repreſentations by throngs of Perſons of the greateſt Quality, and deſigned for the Pleaſures and Divertiſements of Their Majeſties, and Royal Highneſſes, and accordingly very often Graced with Their Preſences, ſhould be ſome ſuperlative piece. But you will be diſappointed, you will find nothing here anſwer thoſe ſwelling expectations. How it happens to be ſo, it is enough to tell you, That it was written by me; and it would be very ſtrange, if a bad Writer ſhould write well: but, which was as great an unhappineſs, I had not time enough allowed me, to muſter together, on ſo great an occaſion, thoſe few Abilities I have; I was invaded, on the ſudden, by a Powerful Command, to prepare an Entertainment for the Court,

which was to be written, learnt, practiſed, and performed, in leſs time than was neceſſary for the writing alone. True, it was not performed, till ſome Months after the time firſt decreed, but that hapned from the diſcretion of thoſe on whom the Dancing and Muſical parts depended, who found it required time to do any thing in Perfection; but I not knowing it would be ſo deferred, finiſhed my Part within the time firſt alotted me, which was ſcarce a Month: not only for the *Play*, but the *Prologue*, and *Songs*, the Nature of which I was wholly a ſtranger to, having never ſeen any thing of the kind; and by theſe means, I was forced upon a brisk dullneſs, writing quick, but flat. I was alſo confined in the number of the Perſons; I had but ſeven allow'd me, neither more nor leſs: thoſe ſeven to be all Ladies, and of thoſe Ladies, two onely were to appear in Mens Habits. Next, for my Subject, it was not, I confeſs, impoſed upon me by Command, but it was for want of time to find a better: For I had but ſome few hours allow'd me to chooſe one. And as Men who do things in haſte, have commonly ill Fortune, as well as ill Conduct; I reſolving to chooſe the firſt tolerable Story I could meet with, unhappily encountred this, where, by my own raſhneſs, and the malice of Fortune, I involved my ſelf, before I was aware, in a difficulty greater than the invention of the Philoſophers Stone, that only endeavors to extract Gold out of the courſeſt Metals, but I employed my ſelf to draw one contrary out of another; to write a clean, decent, and inoffenſive Play, on the Story of a Rape, ſo that I was engaged in this Dilemma, either wholly to deviate from my Story, and ſo my Story would be no Story, or by keeping to it, write what would be unfit for Princeſſes and Ladies to ſpeak, and a Court to hear. That which tempted me into ſo great a Labyrinth, was the fair and beautiful Image that ſtood at the Portall, I mean, the exact and perfect Character of Chaſtity, in the perſon of *Caliſto*, which I thought a very proper Character for the Princeſs to repreſent; nor was I miſtaken in my judgment, the difficulty lay in the other part of the Story, to de-

fend

fend Chaſtity, was eaſie, the danger was in aſſaulting it; I was to ſtorm it, but not to wound it; to ſhoot at it, but not offend it; my Arrows were to be inviſible, and without Piles; my Guns were to be charged with white Powder; the Bullets were to flie, but give no Report. Theſe were Niceties required skill to perform, and would have puzled a finer Invention than mine; and, indeed, I did a little fail in my firſt attempt; my Arrows (though as fine as I could then in haſte turn 'em) yet were too courſe for a Court. I often pared 'em, and much difficulty I found to make 'em thin enough to paſs through nice and delicate Ears, without wounding 'em, an Art which with much pains in this Emendation I attained. The laſt, and not the leaſt, difficulty impoſed on me in the Entertainment, was in the Choruſſes; I was obliged to invent proper Occaſions, to introduce all the Entries; and particularly, for the cloſing of all with an Entry of *Africans*. How I have ſucceeded in it, I leave the Reader to judge. Under all theſe difficulties did this poor Poem labour even before it was an *Embrio*, and when ſleeping in its cauſes; and when in the womb it was ſqueez'd, and hinder'd of its due growth by intolerable ſtrait lacings; and laſtly, forced on an immature and haſty birth; by all which inconvenienees, it was impoſſible it ſhould prove otherwiſe than a weak, lean, ricketty, deformed piece, and as ſuch (notwithſtanding the kindneſs it received from others,) it was looked on by me; and accordingly I was impatient till I had ſtrangled it, and in the room produced ſomething leſs imperfect, ſomething of a conſtitution ſtrong enough to endure the blows of its Enemies, and of a Complexion beautiful enough to delight its Parents and Friends, and ſuch a thing (in ſome low degree at leaſt) this is which you ſee. Far be it from me, to ſay it is as well as it ought to be, or as others of greater Abilities would have written it. Nor (give me leave to ſay) ſo well as I my ſelf would have done on a better Subject, and in leſs haſte; for this was written in a hurry as well as the former, being finiſhed and learnt between the ſecond

and third Repreſentation; but having the advantage of Features and dead Colours laid, it was eaſie to work ſomething on that foundation better than the former; and I undertook the trouble, not only to repair my own Reputation, but to give ſome refreſhment to the Audiences, who would have been weary of a better Play at the ſecond or third Repreſentation, and therefore muſt needs be weary of that at the 20*th* or 30*th*, for near ſo often it had been Rehearſed and Acted.

Some, perhaps, will expect I ſhould not only Apologize for not writing better, but daring on ſuch an occaſion to write at all; but having ſaid it was done by Command, none can have ſo little manners as to expect I ſhould make excuſe for Obedience. I muſt confeſs it was great pity, that in an Entertainment where the Senſe was ſo deliciouſly feaſted, the Underſtanding ſhould be ſo ſlenderly treated; and had it been written by him, to whom by the double right of place and merit, the honour of the employment belonged, the pleaſure had been in all kinds complete. However this appeared not ſo contemptible, but it attained the felicity for which it was made, to afford ſome delight to His Royal Mind, to whoſe Pleaſure all our endeavors ought to be, and this more particularly was devoted. And of this I have full aſſurance, by the beſt, and to me moſt pleaſing teſtimony of it, that of His moſt Princely bounty. Having ſaid this, the devouring Critick muſt ceaſe his purſuit, for the poor Sinner is out of the reach of his Fangs, and ſafe in Glory. And now it is at my courteſie to make any farther Apologies, yet becauſe I know the Criticks will be nibling at any thing they think they can catch, I muſt now anſwer for ſome Errors, which I ſuppoſe they hope I have ignorantly, but I confeſs to have wilfully committed. I have in the *Prologue* repreſented the River *Thames* by a Woman, and *Europe* by a Man, contrary to all Authority and Antiquity. To that I anſwer, I know of no Sexes in Lands and Rivers, nor of any Laws in Poetry, but the fundamental one to pleaſe; they who do that, follow the higheſt Authority, and agree with the

the best Antiquity. The principal part of the *Prologue* being the River, my business was not to consider how the *Latin* Poets painted it, but how to represent it best and most beautiful on our Stage; not to trouble my head with *hic hæc hoc*, to please the *Grammarians*, but how to have the Part sung best to delight the Court; and the graceful motions and admirable singing of *Mrs. Davis*, did sufficiently prove the discretion of my choice. And *Thames*, *Peace* and *Plenty*, being represented by Women, I was necessitated (in spite of the Lady that bestrid the Bull) to make *Europe* a Man, and to call it not *Her* but—*His fair Continent*—Otherwise I must either have spoiled the Figure, and made three parts of the World Men, and one a Woman; or worse, by representing 'em all by Women, have spoiled the Musick, by making it consist all of Trebles. But these are Criticisms for none but those of School-boys learning, and School-boys understandings. Some other Faults there are in the Style and Expression, which, Reader, if you can discover, you may insult over as you think fit, the whole having obtained the happiness to please, I shall not concern my self for every trifling Error which slipt from me unawares, and which I had not leisure to mend; perhaps you may find fault with my different Numbers, that I have not kept to one kind of Verse, but written part in Pindarique, and part Heroique. To that I answer, the Pindarique is what I left of the old Play uncorrected, as not needing Emendation; and I chose that kind of measure at first, not as the best, and most pleasing to the ear, but as the readiest and quickest for one that was in haste; it being in comparison of the grave Heroique, a kind of mixt pace, betwixt ambling and galloping, where the Poet is not bound to wait the leisure of a stubborn syllable to Rime, but to take the Rime where he can catch it, without any more trouble. But upon the correction, I chose the Heroique as more Majestick, Lofty and Musical, and (as I hope) made Emendation, both in Sense and Sound.

Having made this little vindication of my self, I were now bound in gratitude (before I conclude) to record the due praises

praises of those whose admirable performances in their several kinds, lent this Entertainment much of the praise it had; namely, the Singers, and the Composer of all the Musick both Vocal and Instrumental Mr. *Staggins*; but their excellencies lying far out of that road my understanding travels in, I should praise 'em so ignorantly, if I should attempt it, that I should discover my own folly, more than their merit. But if the judgments of others, and those the most skilful too, be not mistaken, Mr. *Staggins* has not only delighted us with his excellent Composition, but with the hopes of seeing in a very short time a Master of Musick in *England*, equal to any *France* or *Italy* have produced. No less praise may be said of the best and choicest of the Singers. But Reader, I shall detain you no longer, now take what pleasure you can find in the perusal of the following Pages.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

The Curtain is drawn up, and there appears a Nymph leaning on an Urne, representing the River *Thames*, attended by two Nymphs, representing *Peace* and *Plenty*. Near Her are the four Parts of the World, seeming to make Offerings to Her: On the opening of the Scene, lamenting Voices are heard on both sides of the Theatre, at which, the Nymph of the River seems affrighted.

Voices within. Fly, Fly, Help, Oh! Help, or we dye.

Tha. *WHat mournful cryes are these on ev'ry side!*
The Winds waft nothing to this Island o're,
But the complainings of some Neighb'ring Shore,
And all the Ecchoes are in groans employ'd.
The fair * *Augusta too, I weeping see,* * London, anciently so called.
Though none so fair, so rich, so great as She;
Alas! my Fears encrease:
You gentle Nymphs of Plenty *and of* Peace,
Shall now go seek some other Shore.
And you that with your Presents wait,
Shall bring your gifts no more.
Plen. *I to no other Dwelling will betake,*
Pea. *Thy beautious Streams I never will forsake,*
Euro. *And we our Presents still will make.*
Om. *We our Presents still will make.*
Plen. *Thy Stores with all my Plenty shall be fill'd,*
Pea. *My Halcion on thy Banks her Nest shall build.*
Euro. *Thou shalt in all my noblest Arts be skill'd,*
Asi. *My Jewels shall adorn no Brow but Thine,*
Amer. *Thy Lovers in my Gold shall shine,*
Afri. *Thou for thy Slaves, shalt have these*
Scorched Sons of mine.

Pea.

Pea. Ple. } *Thy beautious ſtreams we never will forſake.*
Euro. Aſi. Afr. Amer. } *And we our Preſents ſtill will make.*
Om. *We our Preſents ſtill will make.*
Rea. *What ſhould ſo much Beauty fear,*
Round this Iſle the Heavens appear
Like your own Streams, all undiſturb'd and clear:
Tha. *Theſe beautious Nymphs unfrightned too,*
Not minding what on other Shores they do,
Their innocent delights purſue.

Rea. *See, They (void of grief or fear)*
Come to entertain you here.

An Entry of Shepherds and Nymphs, Dancing round the *Thames*, &c. as they ſtood in their Figure.

[Here the Princeſſes and the other Ladies danced ſeveral Sarabrands with Caſtanets. A Minouet was alſo danced by his Grace the Duke of *Monmouth*; which ended, *Thames* proceeds.

Tha. *Oh! now my Spirits I recover,*
I've wak'd the Genius *of this Iſle, my Warlike Lover.*

Enter the *Genius* of *England*.

Gen. *What cryes are theſe diſturb my pleaſing Reſt?*
Tha. *'Tis I, (my Love) 'tis I, thy Aid requeſt.*
Gen. *Is it my Nymph, what doſt thou fear?*
Tha. *Does not my Love, ſad cryes around him hear?*
Gen. *Wilt thou thy fear at every ſhreek proclaim?*
Tha. *Am I alone to blame?*
Do you not ſee Auguſta, *Rich and Fair,*
(Though to her Lap, I all my Treaſure bear)

Will

Will for no comfort ſtay her Tears?

[The following *Stanza* is properly part of the *Genius*'s Speech, being a pertinent Reply to *Thames*; but being ſet extreme pleaſantly, and for a treble voice, it was ſung by *Thames*.

Auguſta *is inclin'd to fears.*
Be ſhe full, or be ſhe waining,
Still Auguſta *is complaining:*
Give her all you can to eaſe Her,
You ſhall never, never pleaſe Her.

Chor. Auguſta *is enclin'd to fears*, &c.

Gen. *Theſe fears do not belong to Her nor You;*
Europe *onely ſhould lament,*
The Nymphs of his fair Continent.
Some Gyants now purſue.
But this ſweet Iſle no Monſter can invade.

Tha. *Oh ſend thoſe poor diſtreſſed Nymphs ſome aid.*

Eur. *From the mild power of this happy place.*
Who is inclin'd,
To make the World as peaceful as his mind,
They have already gain'd the grace:
Two Heroes of his own Celeſtial Race
Are ſent; the one to Triumph o're the Seas,
And all the watery Divinities.
The other, Monſters of the Land to quell,
And make the Nymphs in ſafety dwell.

Gen. *The firſt, in War has all Perfections gain'd,*
That can by humane Nature be attain'd:
The ſecond promiſes, to be
All that in the firſt we ſee.

Eur. Mars *to the firſt does all his Glory lend:*
The ſecond Beauty, Youth, and Love attend.

Gen. *Both in high perfections ſhine:*
Valor, Glory, Race Divine:
Wait awhile, and you ſhall ſee
Both return with Victory.

Pea. *Hark, hark! the Triumph's near,*
And ſee! they both already Crown'd appear.

PROLOGUE.

Enter one Crown'd with a Naval Crown, attended by Sea-gods and Tritons.

Rejoice you watry Deities:
The mighty Monsters of the Seas,
This valiant Prince has slain.
The God of this fair Isle shall now
Command (as all his Right allow)
The Empire of the Main.

Enter one Crown'd with a Mural Crown, attended by Warriors.

Ye Gods and Nymphs of Plains and Groves,
Of Springs and Streams, enjoy your Loves;
This youthful Hero has subdu'd
The Satyrs now of ev'ry Wood:
Has kill'd or ta'n 'em all for Slaves,
And chac'd the Giants from their Caves.
Chor. of all. *Let us both their praises sing,*
Whilst we both in Triumph bring;
Let us all contend to grace 'em
With our loud and joyfull'st thanks,
Whilst upon the flow'ry Banks
Of this beautious Nymph we place 'em.

Two Entries are Danc'd; One of Sea-gods, and the other of Warriors.

Gen. *Now welcome Heroes to my blest abode,*
And to my Nymph belov'd by ev'ry God.
Tha. *Welcom to my Love and me,*
Now we all shall happy be.
Cho. *Now we all shall happy be.*

A Tem-

A Temple of Fame appears.

Plen. *Now you whose Valor gives the World repose,*
See what Fame on you bestows.
Her shining Temple shall preserve your Names,
And thence her Trumpet your Renown proclaims.
Gen. *To our Divinity now let us go,*
And at his Feet your Crowns and Trophies throw.
Eur. *I will my thanks in Offerings proclaim.*
Asi. *I'll lend you Spice.*
Amer. *I Gold.*
Afr. *And I the same.*
Tha. *I'll be your Guide.*
My Streams beneath his Palace hourly slide.
There it is not far before you,
Pleasure, Arts, Religion, Glory,
Warm'd by his propitious Smile,
Flourish there, and bless this Isle.
Gen. *But stay! what wonder does my spirit seize?* [Turning
See! here are both the great Divinities. to the
~~Tha. *The God and Goddess too of this bless'd Isle!*~~ King &
Chaste Beauty in Her Aspect shines, Queen,
And Love in His does smile.
Gen. *Quickly (Heroes) as 'tis meet,*
Throw your Trophies at their Feet.
Fall down, and adore 'em;
Whilst with speed we hither call,
The Gods of Neighb'ring Groves, and all
Their Nymphs to dance before 'em.

An Entry of Rural Gods and Nymphs.

When the Prologue is done, and all gone off the Stage, Enter two, who sing this following Song:

PROLOGUE.

Now for the Play, the Prologue is done,
The Dancing is o're, and the Singers are gone.
The Ladies ſo Fine, and ſo Fair, it ſurpaſſes,
Are dreſs'd, and have all tak'n leave of their Glaſſes.
Where are the Slaves ſhould make ready the Stage?
Here, here are the Slaves ſhould make ready the Stage.

An Entry of Carpenters.

IT having been the manner of all those who have had the Honour before me, to serve the Court, in Employments of this Nature, to adorn their Works with the Names of those Great Persons who had Parts in the Representation, I hope I shall not be condemned, if I, following their Examples, Consecrate this of mine, to Posterity, by the same Policy.

The Persons of the Play.	The Personators.
Calisto, *a chaste and favourite Nymph of* Diana, *beloved by* Jupiter	*Her Highness the Lady* Mary.
Nyphe, *a chaste young Nymph, Friend to* Calisto	*Her Highness the Lady* Anne.
Jupiter *in Love with* Calisto	*The Lady* Henrietta Wentworth.
Juno	*The Countess of* Sussex.
Psecas, *an envious Nymph, Enemy to* Calisto, *beloved by* Mercury	*The Lady* Mary Mordant.
Diana, *Goddess of Chastity*	*Mrs.* Bagge, *late Maid of Honour to the Queen.*
Mercury *in Love with* Psecas	*Mrs.* Jennings, *Maid of Honour to the Dutchess.*

Nymphs attending on Diana, *who also danced in the Prologue, and in several Entries in the Play.*

The Countess of Darby.

The Countess of Pembroke.

The Lady Katharine Herbert.

Mrs. Fitz-Gerald.

Mrs. Frazier, *Maid of Honour to the Queen.*

THE

The PERSONS of QUALITY of the Men that Danced, were

His Grace the Duke of Monmouth.

The Viscount Dunblaine.

The Lord Daincourt.

Mr. Trevor.

Mr. Harpe.

Mr. Lane.

In the *PROLOGUE* were Represented,

The River Thames	by	*Mrs.* Davis.
Peace		*Mrs.* Knight.
Plenty		*Mrs.* Butler.
The Genius *of England*		*Mr.* Turner.
Europe		*Mr.* Hart.
Asia		*Mr.* Richardson.
Africa		*Mr.* Marsh *junior*.
America		*Mr.* Ford.

IN

In the *Chorusses* betwixt the ACTS,

Strephon	The Parts sung by	*Mr.* Hart.
Coridon		*Mr.* Turner.
Sylvia		*Mrs.* Davis.
Daphne		*Mrs.* Knight.
Two African Women, or Blacks.		*Mrs.* Butler. *Mrs.* Hunt.

The SCENE of the PLAY, is

ARCADIA,

The DURATION of it,

An Artificial Day.

	by	
		ACT.

CALISTO.

ACT. I.

Jupiter, *at a distance*, Mercury.

JUPITER.

HOW am I tir'd, thus vainly to pursue
A Nymph, I cannot keep in view?
I daily through *Arcadia* rove,
O're every Hill, through every Grove,
But in her Ears to Sigh my Love;
And may as well the Shades and Ecchoes chace;
The Shades I easier can embrace,
Which grieves me too, whilst I this Maze have trod,
There's none to pity a dispairing God.

Mer. In these *Arcadian* Woods I've lost my Heart; [*Aside.*
Whilst I the Nymph, by whom I smart,
Pursue, some little Ease to get;
This *Jove* I've oft a wandring met:

He makes my Jealouſie grow ſtrong;
What does he do out of his Heav'n ſo long?
I'm ſure on ſome fair Nymph he has Deſign,
And all my fear is, leſt it ſhould be mine.
Can no ſoft Beauty be Embrac'd,
But he muſt ſtill deſire a Taſt?
That the Old *Titans* from his Throne had hurl'd
This general grievance of the World;
But I too ſoon to rage am won,
Perhaps there is no injury done;
Another Nymph has ſnatcht his Eye,
I'le go diſcourſe with him, and try.

Jupiter *diſcovers him.*

Jup. Ah! *Mercury!* What Fortune brought thee here?
Thou faithful Envoy of the Gods, Come near;
Plung'd deep in ſorrow, with deſpair oppreſt:
I now was wiſhing for ſome Breaſt,
Where I my Secrets might repoſe,
And Fate has ſent the beſt I could have choſe.
Mer. —— What wondrous pain
Is it can make the King of Gods complain?
Jup. My old Affliction Love!
Mer. What do I hear! [*Aſide.*
This News I did not vainly fear.
Now dare not I what Nymph he loves enquire,
Leſt we ſhould both of us the ſame admire.
Jup. Thou ſeem'ſt diſturb'd, what does thy paſſion move?
Mer. —— Only my Loyalty for *Jove*:
And Rage at the Tyrannick Boy,
That dares great *Jove's* Repoſe deſtroy;
His Boldneſs *Jove* too mildly bears,
Though us poor Vaſſal Gods he dares
Into his Chains and Fetters bring,
He is too ſawcy with our King.

You

You ought to make his very Godhead ceaſe,
For yours and Heav'ns univerſal Peace.
Jup. —— Oh let thy vain Diſcourſes dye!
Loves is delightful Tyranny:
There is more pleaſure in his pains,
Than all the Joys our Heav'n contains:
If Love I out of Heav'n ſhould chace,
It would appear ſo dull a place,
My ſelf and all the Gods would be,
even tir'd with Immortality.
Mer. —— I own theſe Joys, ſometimes I try,
To paſs away Eternity:
But are they not for *Jove* too low.
Jup. —— The World muſt not the Secret know.
We boaſt great things to be ador'd and ſought;
(There is ſome Pleaſure to be happy thought)
But for all Joys of our abode,
From Earth I would not move;
Nor be content to be a God,
To be depriv'd of Love.
Without that Joy Two vaſt Extreams would joyn;
Things without Senſe would equal things Divine:
'Twixt us and Plants there would be little odds,
And ſawcy Mortals be more Bleſs'd than Gods.
Mer. Oh! let not *Jove* ſubmit to ſuch a Fate
Poorly to envy things he does Create.
Jup. No, if to Mortals I preſent Delight,
I to the Feaſt will ſtill my ſelf invite.
Mer. —— Yes Yes, we know *Joves* Appetite; [*Aſide.*
E're quite abſtain from Loves ſweet Feaſts,
Hee'l humbly dine with Birds and Beaſts.
Jup. —— I ſtill provide with care,
We Gods in all Delights ſhould ſhare;
Beſides the Loves by us embrac'd
Would kill a poor weak Mortal, but to taſt,

We know what pleaſure Love affords,
To Heavy Beaſts and Mettled Birds;
Here and there at will we fly,
Each ſtep of Natures Pearch we try;
Down to the Beaſt, and up again
To the more fine delights of Man:
We every ſort of pleaſure try;
So much advantage has a Deity.

Mer. Nay, if *Jove* Rents the World to Man and Beaſt,
He may preſerve the Royalty at leaſt,
And freedom take to Hunt in any Grounds;
The Pleaſures of great *Jove* ſhould have no Bounds:
This diſtant talk ſtill keeps me ſweating here,
In Agonies of Jealouſie and Fear;
And if I do not put an end, [*Aſide.*
The day he thus will gladly ſpend:
I'le not torment my ſelf in vain,
I'le boldly ask and end my pain.
All Joys the World muſt own their Sovereigns due;
But yet the Story does untold remain,
What Beauty did the Glory gain,
Once more the Worlds great Ruler to ſubdue.

Jup. Oh! *Mercury!* the faireſt Nymph of Humane Race!
All former Loves of mine ſhe does ſo far ſurpaſs,
I them for Beauties ſcarce allow,
And never truly lov'd till now.

Mer. Aſtoniſhment!

Jup. Did they all live again,
I would not take the pain,
To vex my ſelf into a ſhape,
For all the pleaſure of a Rape;
Except it were to ſharpen my deſire,
And to return to her with greater fire.

Mer. What ſhould ſhe be? and where does ſhe remain?

Jup. Oh! that's my grief, ſhe's one of cold *Diana's* Train.

Mer.

Mer. Oh! I am stabb'd! my fear prophetick proves,
I am assured, it is my Nymph he loves. [*Aside.*
Jup. —— Thou know'st what ills of late were done,
In Heav'n and Earth, by *Phebus* Frantick Son:
I from high Heav'n descending to survey
The half-burnt World, and with a God-like care
All ruin'd places to repair,
Came here to view my lov'd *Arcadia:*
As I in every place did pass,
To cloath the wither'd Fields with Grass,
To all the Woods new Leaves and Shades to bring,
Set Rivers running, fill each empty Spring:
—— I chanc'd to spy
This Young and Beautious Nymph trip often by.
Mer. And has great *Jove* her Name yet ever heard?
Jup. No opportunity I yet have got,
She swiftly by like some bright Meteor shot
Dazled my Eye, and streight she disappeard.
Mer. And whither ran the vanishing Vision still?
Jup. —— Or to the Woods, or o'te some Hill,
To Hunt some Dear, or swifter Roe,
Still in her Hand a Dart or Bow:
Her Garbe did negligence express;
For oh! she had no need of dress:
Conceal'd, I oft pursued her, but in vain;
For still at last she mixt with chast *Diana's* Train.
Mer. Can she be gain'd?
Jup. By no Inchantment can,
She flies the very Shadow of a Man:
She thinks it does her Vertue stain,
If she but sleep where one has lain;
That she is of some purity beguil'd,
If she but tast the Air, the Breath of one defil'd;
If any wandring Loves by chance
T'approach her be so bold,
Away the naked *Cupids* dance,
She makes them shake with Cold.

Mer.

Mer. This in my Soul does some small comfort breed,
What then to gain her will ye do?
Jup. —— I do not know,
It does the skill of one poor God exceed.
But ha! I see 'em come from yonder Grove,
Diana all the Train, this way they move.
Mer. They are preparing for this Mornings Chace.
Jup. Let's hide our selves in Clouds apace,
Lest we our being here betray,
And quickly chace 'em all away. *Exit.*
Mer. But as they pass I'le watch your Eye,
And your lov'd Nymph that way direct. *Exit.*

Scene II.

Diana, Calisto, Nyphe, Pfecas, Attendants.

DIANA.

COme! Come away my Nymphs, too long we have repos'd,
The Morning has her Golden Doors enclos'd,
And there stands blushing on us! —— Come away,
Let us not loose the gentlest part of day;
Princess *Calisto*, most admir'd belov'd,
The Fairest, Chastest, most approv'd
Of all that ever grac'd my Virgin Throng,
You, who of great and Royal Race are sprung,
Born under Golden Roofs, and bred to ease,
To every kind of soft delight,
To Glory, Power, and all that might
A Royal Virgin please.

What

What could your tender Years to pain ſo ſoon enure?
And how can you this hard and toilſom life endure?

Cal. Divineſt power! Can any pleaſures be
Compar'd to Innocence and Chaſtity?
From Toyls of greatneſs I diſcharge my mind,
And only in theſe Shades true eaſe I find.

Pſe. Oh! with what pride! and feign'd neglect of Art [*Aſide.*
This Royal Favourite ſtorms our Goddeſs Heart,
Conquers it too, and rules her Power Divine,
Whilſt all our Merits unregarded ſhine.

Dia. I never ſuch a Victim had before,
Crown Beauty, Youth what all the World Adore,
You bring at once in Sacrifice to me,
The Offering exceeds the Deity.

Pſe. Our poor deluded Goddeſs is undone; [*Aſide.*
This Favourite has her Heart and Empire won.

Ny. How am I pleas'd my Sifters praiſe to hear,
Though like a little Star I near appear, [*Aſide.*
Nature and Friendſhip do enough prefer
My Name to Honour, whilſt I ſhine in her.

Cal. The Crown and Glory at your feet I throw,
Are for your favour offering too low;
And giving only what I ſcorn and hate,
I gain your Service at too cheap a rate.

Pſe. Oh! how for praiſe ſhe ſpreads a ſpatious Net? [*Aſide.*
Not one regard to us can paſſage get:
Our Vertues will not go for Vertues long;
I neither will, nor ought to bear this wrong.

Dia. You Princeſs! do adorn, enrich my Shade,
Ne're was ſo great, ſo early Triumphs made
At once o're Beauty, Glory, Youth and Eaſe
All of 'em fair delightful Provinces.
None e're ſo young ſuch Courage did expreſs;
The *Macedonian* Victories were leſs.
And better to Adorn and Guard my Groves,
This fair young Warriour, 'gainſt Eaſe and Loves,

You

You bring to Train up here, before whose Eye
I see already vanquish'd *Cupids* flie,
With Wounds a bleeding, and with broken Bows,
A fair Comparison in Arms you chose.

Ny. She to much Honour me, in this prefers;
And though my Courage cannot equal hers,
None to your Service shall more zealous be,
Nor still to love a greater Enemy.

Pse. Hark how they bandy Praise, and Flattery round! [*Aside.*
Each takes her turn to catch it at rebound;
Whilst we desertless Fools must patience feign,
And Praise our selves, if any praise wee'l gain.
Our Youth I find we wisely wast,
and are to mighty purpose chast;
Since these our kind rewards must prove,
I will in pure Revenge go love.
A God-like Youth, and Vassal to my Eyes,
Has long with patience born my Tyranies.
The Humble Slave each Moment I torment,
And Rage which others slight, on him I vent:
But now his Sufferings I'le requite,
I'le go and Love him out of spight.

Dia. Now Nymphs before the Rosy Morning fades,
And the dayes Fury chase us to the Shades:
Let's Hunt the nimble Dear without delay,
We have decreed the Martyrs of the day,
And what you all shall kill together bring,
And meet when Sun declines at yonder Spring. *Ex. Di. Ma. Pse.*

Pse. Now I'le about another cate,
I'le seek my Love, discover me who dare;
On the whole Train the shame shall fall;
I'le swear we are Dissemblers all.
From Men we only seek to fly,
To meet 'em with more privacy:
That I sincerity approve,
And boldly own to all the World I Love. *Exit.*

Scene

Scene V.

Jupiter, Mercury.

MERCURY.

THanks to the Fates! my Heart is now at eaſe!
Two different Nymphs our Inclinations pleaſe. [*Aſide.*

Jup. Ah! *Mercury!* what Beauty have I ſeen?

Mer. I have with *Jove* in equal Raptures been.

Jup. I in ſo hot an Agony did ſtay
The Cloud, in which I hidden lay,
Dropt, and Melted half away:
That ſhe ſuch Beauty ſhould on Shades beſtow,
And careleſs Love ſhould let her ſcape his Bow.

Mer. And is it ſhe?

Jup. Why doſt thou ſo enquire?

Mer. Becauſe I one of the ſame Train admire.

Jup. Art thou by theſe Cold Beauties wounded then?

Mer. —— Yes, by the ſcornful'ſt of the Train:
Your Nymph is yielding, if compar'd to mine;
Yours hates ſhe knows not why, mine with deſign;
Yours only flyes you, mine returns and fights;
Yours lets you dye, but mine to kill delights:
You have but One Averſion to ſubdue,
I Thouſands have, which every Hour renew.

Jup. Poor *Hermes!* how are we by Love oppreſt?
Two wounded Gods here deſolate appear,
Each with an Arrow ſticking in his Breaſt,
Goes wandring round the Woods he knows not where;
Chacing his Nymph, ſome little eaſe to find,
And may as well purſue the Fleeting Wind.

Mer. Pursue the Wind? rather a Storm I chace,
Which turns to dash her Fury in my Face,
Not in wild shapes, but in all Beauty drest,
That ever did a Humane Shape adorn.
I've met my Nymph, and have my Love expreſt,
And never any thing obtain'd, but scorn.
She meets me, (true!) but 'tis to mock me still,
And if she ever smiles, it is to kill.

Jup. Oh! *Hermes*! you your self may happy call;
When Maids shew scorn, they oft are near to yield,
And they who venture once to fight, may fall;
But mine will not be drawn into the Field:
Could I intice her thither any way,
I only for a little scorn would pray.
I'le not to Heaven, till I obtain some ease,
Let Jealous *Juno* watch me as she please.

Mer. What will ye do? you no attempt must dare.

Jup. Prithee, what God or Mortal can forbear?
T'enjoy such Beauty I'de no Shape refuse;
Nay, if I knew what form most pleas'd her Eye,
I'de not deny
To be that thing, and my whole Godhead loose.

Mer. —— O wondrous power of Love!
Too hard for *Jove*!
I wonder not he baffles my defence;
He is too Mighty for Omnipotence!

Jup. *Hermes* I've thought! I can my self relieve. [*Starts.*

Mer. What new *Minerva* does *Joves* Brain conceive?

Jup. A sure and pleasant Ambush I will lay;
I'le in *Diana's* shape the Nymph betray:
My wanton Kisses then she'l ne're suspect,
Nor my design detect.
No Vice but for a Vertue may escape,
If it be acted in a Holy Shape.
Disguis'd like her, I'le Kiss, Embrace, be free.

Mer. Yes, and perswade her too, 'tis Chastity.

All

All Actions finely guilded o're succeed;
Men still the Doers mind, and not the Deed:
The Nymph will all *Diana* does allow;
Nay think she liv'd in some mistake till now.

Jup. 'Tis Sacred Truth; then firmly I decree,
I will serve her, as all Mankind serves me.
When on the World they would impose some Cheat,
Most strict Devotion they will counterfeit:
Look grave on all Men, and then whine to me,
With such absurd and apish Mimickry:
I scarce from Laughter, spight of Rage forbear,
And take Diversion in the Villains Prayer:
This Trick of Mortals shall be learnt by me;
I to serve Love will mimick Chastity.
What Form wilt thou assume for thy design?

Mer. What better Form than one that is Divine?
In Humane shape no more to her I'le go;
My own true Form I thus attir'd will shew,
When she perceives it is a God does Love,
Perhaps Ambition the proud Nymph may move.
This satisfaction too I shall enjoy:
'Tis not a shape embraces her, but I,
Whilst our delights we in disguises chuse,
We half the pleasure of Enjoyment loose.

Jup. I like thy plot, thy Thoughts agree with mine,
Come let us each with speed to his designe.
Now vanish from my Thoughts all vexing cares,
And rule of Humane, or Divine Affairs.
Let Gods and Mortals what they will pursue,
And Fate and Fortune their own Business do.
Let wrangling Eliments contend their fill,
And all the Wheels of the Worlds Frame stand still;
Let toyling Nature if she please go sleep,
Or for her sport a general Revel keep.
Let trembling Mortals now go curse or pray,
Be good or wicked, which they will to day,

I care not what disorders there shall be;
Let Heaven and Earth slide into Anarchy.
All politick Cares of every kind
I'le from my Breast remove;
And will to day perplex my mind,
With never a Thought but Love.

Enter Strephon, Corydon, Daphne, Sylvia.
Chor. of Shepheards.

Str. *HArk, Hark, I hear the merry Hunters Horn.*
Cory. *The Sound from yonder Hill by Winds is born.*
Daph. *Diana, and her Nymphs are all that way*
A Hunting gone.
Syl. *So soon e're break of day?*
Chor. *Let 'em, let 'em go.*
Lovers, better pleasures know.
Stre. *Let the cold Nymphs run dabling in the Dew,*
Kind Love to warmer Pleasures invites.
Daph. *I do not envy their Delights,*
Whilst my dear Strephon *does continue true.*
Cor. *Whilst thus severe my* Sylvia *does remain,*
I envy not the Hunters, but the Slain.
Sylv. *Poor* Corydon, *thy Flame remove,*
I pity thee, but cannot love.
Yet I own, I have something in every Vein,
Which moves me to Love, could I meet with a Swain,
Who were to my mind, and would love me again.
Srre. *See Shepheards, the day is begun,*
Come, with our Sports let's welcome the Sun.

An Entry of *Basques.*

Sylv. *Kind Lovers, Love on,*
Least the World be undone,
And Mankind be lost by Degrees:
For if all from their Loves
Should go wander in Groves,
There soon would be nothing but Trees.

Chor. *Kind Lovers, Love on,* &c.

Exeunt omnes.

Finis Actus I.

ACT.

ACT. II.

Jupiter, Mercury.

JUPITER.

When shall I get this Vision in my sight;
She flyes from Love, as Shadows from the Light:
Whilst I pursue her, flaming with desire,
And o're these Hills rowl like an Orb of Fire;
Making the Sun the Rule of Day resign.
To these more bright and pearcing Beams of mine.

Mer. 'Tis folly longer o're these Hills to stray:
'Tis noon, and now the Golden Dust of Day
Dissolved, does from the Heavenly Mountains flow,
In fiery Streams, and drowns the World below.
In the Cool Groves our Nymphs we now shall find,
Wading in Shades, and bathing in the Wind:
Whilst *Phœbus* shoots his Arrows round,
And vainly seeks the Nymphs to wound.
The Groves he vainly does invade;
His fiery Darts are quench'd in Shade.
Fit your disguise, and thither let's repair.

Jup. At small expence I from the Wealthy Air,
My self with any Figure can supply:
Or I can fix an Image in the Eye.
Come here you wandring Atoms of the Air.
You that are fittest for a Form so fair,
And now my Beauteous Ambuscade prepare.

Into

nto *Diana*'s Shape your selves Congeal,
Under that Ice the burning *Jove* Conceal;
There let me all lie cover'd, like the Brow
Of some high Flaming Mountain hid in Snow.
Mer. See! the assembling Atoms do obey;
Or rather the great *Jove* is fled away:
And the fair Goddess of these Woods is here.
Hail Beauteous! ——
Jup. Oh! Thou Rallyest now I fear;
But canst thou any where
Descry one Beam of *Jupiter*?
Mer. Not one by your own self I swear;
There's nothing but *Diana* can be seen:
Her Habit, Feature, Shape, Proportion meen;
Nay, and your Voice exactly tun'd I hear,
And past discovery delude the Ear.
Jup. Now you cool Atoms, from your Ranks disband,
Flow to loose Air again at my command:
Thither return like Rivers to the Main,
And let me now be *Jupiter* again.
Mer. Again the Atoms Loyally obey,
The Snowy shape is all dissolv'd away.
Jup. Poor God! No shape at all thou didst discry:
I only Grav'd a Figure on thy Eye:
And the soft Voice which you believe you hear.
Was form'd but in the Concave of your Ear.
Mer. Ah! *Jove*! How useful, and of what delight
Is Sovereign Power? 'tis that determines Right.
Nothing is truly good, but what is great:
A Mortal you would punish for this Cheat.
Jup. I would, and justly; shall the thing I make
Presume the Freedom of a God to take?
I cannot erre, what e're my Actions be;
There's no such thing as good, or ill to me.
No Action is by Nature good or ill;
All things derive their Natures from my will.

If

If Vertue from my will distinct could be,
Vertue would be a Power Supream to me.
What no dependency on me will own,
Makes me a Vassal, and usurps my Throne.
If so I can revenge me in a Trice,
Turn all the Ballance, and make Vertue Vice.

Mer. *Jove* like himself, with Reasons firm and strong,
Upholds the Port, does to a God belong;
For I have ever of opinion been,
Gods only should be privileg'd to sin;
We guild sower Vertue with fine Tales still,
To make men swallow the unpleasant Pill;
But from the Sweets of sin they'l ne're be chac'd,
E're since the Liquorish Slaves have got a tast:
But let us hasten now to seek our Loves,
And first examine all the neighbouring Groves.

Jup. See! something swiftly darted by my sight; *Cal. goes over the Stage.*
Was it a Nymph, or sudden Glance of Light?

Mer. A Nymph I swear!

Jup. Oh! whither is she run?

Mer. See! See! to yonder Grove she's gone:
There like a glittering Star in Night,
She tempers all the Shades with Light.
Fair Streams of Light seem after her to stray,
Like the bright dawning of some Beauteous day.

Jup. It is my Nymph, none else is half so fair.
Fly thou, whilst thither I repair:
Fly, or thou ruin'st my design.

Mer. Nay stay, perhaps the Nymph is mine:
If mine, she will to mock me stay.

Jup. If mine, thou chacest her away.

Mer. I in a Cloud my self will hide.

Jup. I'm ruin'd, if thou art descry'd.

Mer. And I, if mine, discover *Jove*.

Jup. But mine will fly.

Mer. But mine may Love.

Jup.

Jup. I'le be ſo hid, ſhe ſhall not *Jove* ſurprize.
Mer. But *Jove* may peep through his diſguiſe.
Jup. It ſhall no damage to thee bring.
Mer. Oh! no one can reſiſt a King.
Jup. I will not tempt thy Nymph I ſwear.
Mer. Your Glory will, if you forbear.
Jup. Oh! thy Impertinence! the Nymph is gone!
Thy ſawcy wrangling has my Hopes undone.
Mer. For what ſhould all this anger be?
Perhaps 'tis you have ruin'd me.
Jup. Surely you ought at my commands to move;
Mer. Love underſtands not either King or *Jove*.
Jup. What Monarch will endure this from a ſlave?
Mer. What conſtant lover but is bold and brave?
Jup. Begone, thou wilt provoke my rage.
In fooliſh ſtrife no more engage.
Mer. Thrice happy *Jove*! your Nymph I now eſpy!
Jup. Where, where?
Mer. In yonder neighbouring Wood!
Jup. So nigh?
Happy Contention which my flight delay'd!
For I had loſt her if I had not ſtay'd.
Mer. To me the Obligation then confeſs,
And chide no more a Lovers haughtineſs.
Jup. Be gone, be gone, and thy own Nymph purſue,
Or once again thou wilt thy King undo. *Ex. Mer.*
Now all you Troops of Winged Loves, come ſee
Your ſelves reveng'd on your fair Enemy. *Exit.*

Caliſto.

Cal. Under the days oppreſſion tyr'd I grow;
The Sun to day does no compaſſion ſhew.
In theſe cool ſhades I am compell'd to ſtray,
To ſhun the mercileſs fury of the day.

My Goddess up the Mountain's farther gone;
The Nymph's dispers'd, and I left all alone:
My hopes to find 'em I will now forsake,
And tyr'd with hunting too, will gladly take
The invitation of this Bed of Flowers,
In soft repose to pass away some Hours:
There lye my Bow, and take thy ease unbent;
Thy weary Arms I'le not this hour torment.
And you my Arrows in your Lodging keep,
And there from mischief lull your selves to sleep.
Mine and your travel for an Hour shall cease,
And now poor Herds go browse awhile in peace.

She lies down to sleep, Enter Jupiter.

Jup. Oh! Love! what pleasure dost thou here prepare?
Dull Heaven, I shall return to thee no more;
Here is a Pleasure I prefer before:
All the delights I am possess'd of there.
Now *Juno* thy disgrace with patience bear,
And to disturb my Pleasures do not dare:
My former Loves I yielded to thy Rage:
I was contented they should be remov'd;
Alass! I find I only thought I lov'd.
No Nymph but this did e're my Heart engage:
Thou might'st contend for Beauty with the rest;
But this shakes all thy Interest in my Breast.
Keep in thy Heaven, and do not cast an Eye;
There gnaw thy self with rage and jealousie.
Thou art already half undone,
Be glad thou dost enjoy my Throne:
For plague me now, I le chace thee from my Bed,
And place thy Crown upon thy Rivals Head. [*Cal. wakes.*
But I have wak'd my Nymph from her repose,
Her opening Eyes a sparkling Heaven disclose;

Wherein

Wherein a Thousand Captive *Cupids* lye,
Oppress't and fetter'd all with Chastity.
In those Two Temples full of Heavenly Light,
At the bright Christal Portal of her sight,
Let me in fair *Diana's* form appear:
And let my Voice dissolve into her Ear;
And thither in those pleasing accents flow,
The Goddess speaks, when she does kindness shew.
My Huntress here at her repose? which way
Did you pursue the Chace to day?
Cal. My Goddess here so nigh?
Hail Power! more great than *Jove*, though *Jove* stood by,
In my esteem!
Jup. Till now what Lover heard [*Aside.*
Himself with pleasure to himself preferr'd?
Oh! now my Fire does rage within!
I for the pain,
No longer can my self contein;
Without more forms I must begin.
Princess *Calisto*, pleasure of my sight!
Grace of my Train, my pride, and my delight;
What Courteous God will lend me Words and Art,
To speak the amazing passion in my Heart;
Thy dazling Excellence each moment breeds.
Cal. My Goddess now in praise of me exceeds.
That I from Fate or Nature did obtain
Any Deserts, that might your favour gain,
Must in my Soul a Noble pleasure raise;
But now you quite oppress me with your praise.
Jup. Not half my sence of your desert I speak;
My Heart can never shew it, till it break,
Which swell'd with kindness it will do e're long,
If Love can find no passage but the Tongue.
Cal. Chaste Power! I beg you let these praises die,
Take some compassion of my modesty.

Jup. Oh! Princeſs! it is I that pity need,
(ſhall I the ſecret tell?) your merits breed
In my laſt Heart, a ſtrange uncommon flame:
A kindneſs I both fear and bluſh to name;
Nay, one for which no name I ever knew,
The Paſſion is to me ſo ſtrange, ſo new!

Cal. My wondring thoughts you into mazes guide!
And your dark meaning cloſe in Riddles hide.

Jup. You are not half ſo much amaz'd as I!
My ſelf am frighted at the Prodigy.
I daily ſtand, and wonder at my pain,
And do not know of what I would complain;
I always ſigh, when I your Beauties view,
And wiſh (but wonder why!) I wiſh for you.
Something I fain would crave, but do not know
What I ſhould ask, or what you can beſtow.
Some Charms about you for my eaſe you bear,
But know not how they cure, nor what they are;
But I am certain they could give me eaſe.

Cal. Oh! Gods! how came you by this ſtrange diſeaſe,
Weary with hunting, you to day in haſt
Of ſome accurſed Plant did raſhly taſt;
On which ſome Viper left his deadly ſting;
Or elſe you drank at ſome infectious Spring.

Jup. Some Spring where *Cupid* waſh'd his bloody Darts,
When the young Tyrant had been murdring Hearts;
That, that the Author of my grief does prove,
The poiſnous gore has tainted me with Love.

Cal. Who to that fatal Spring your ſteps betray'd;
Call, Call to *Æſculapius* for ſome aid.

Jup. Oh! none can give me any eaſe but you.
Sick! Sick I grow! ——

Cal. What would you ha' me do?

Jup. Look kindly on me with a pleaſing Eye!
Smile, ſmile upon me ſweetly, or I die.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe me now, ſome Beauteous God, or *Jove*
The King of Gods, and think your ſelf in Love.
Cal. You do not ſpeak your own deſires, I'm ſure,
You'd rather dye, than ask me ſuch a Cure.
Jup. Yes once I would, but I am alter'd now:
Some kindneſs now, you may, you muſt allow.
Cal. What kindneſs can I ſhew? what can I do?
Stand off, or I ſhall be infected too.
Jup. That is the reaſon why I preſs ſo nigh;
To Cure me, you muſt be as ſick as I.
Cal. Yes, were your ſickneſs but the Plague, I wou'd;
This for a World ſhall never taint my Blood.
Jup. In this neceſſity you muſt ſubmit;
It will be only one tempeſtuous Fit;
And we ſhall both be well, —— you muſt, you ſhall. ——
Cal. She raves, I to the Nymphs for aid muſt call,
Or ſhe will do ſome horrid act, I fear;
Help, help, my Goddeſs is diſtracted here;
Come both to mine, and to my Goddeſs aid!
Jup. I will not wrong you, be not thus afraid.
Cal. You cannot help it, you diſtracted grow,
Looſe me, or this into my Heart ſhall go. *Shews a Dart.*
Jup. I find my ſtratagem is fond and vain,
By other Arts I my deſign muſt gain;
Or in deſpair and ſhame muſt vaniſh hence;
Glory has moſt victorious influence
On Womens Hearts, that ſeldom is deny'd;
For that ſubdues their only guard, their pride.
I'le try how that will work upon her mind,
And ruſh with Troops of Glories from behind
The Ambuſh, where I lye in vain conceal'd,
And fight her Vertue fairly in open field.
The wondrous Vertue, Royal Nymph, you ſhew,
Deſerves your Glorious Fortune you ſhould know:
From fair *Diana*'s vaniſh'd form, ſee here,
Low at your Feet thus proſtrate does appear,

Paying

Paying his homage to your conquering Eyes,
No leſs than *Jove* the King of Deities;
Who ſo unfortunate ('tis true!) did prove,
At Two Cœleſtial Springs to drink in Love;
But they were theſe Two bright ones of your Eyes,
From which he bears ſuch tortring miſeries,
Unleſs you quickly ſome compaſſion ſhew,
You will the World into confuſion throw.

Cal. Oh! Gods! have I been cheated all this while?
Talked with a God, and of a thing ſo vile
As Love? I might have gueſt by all his words,
As Men by horrid ſhreeks of ominous Birds;
Their deaths foretel ſome fate in ſecret lay,
To make my Fame and Innocence a prey.
What ſin have I committed, mighty *Jove!*
You ſhould contrive to puniſh me with Love?

Jup. Your killing Beauty is one great Offence;
But your chief ſin is too much Innocence.

Cal. If Beauty does offend you, ruine, blaſt,
Take what revenge on it you pleaſe, —— the laſt
My Vertue, you, nor ſhall, nor can deſtroy;
I all my Life will in that ſin employ.

Jup. Then all my life I muſt be wretched made.
Condemn me then to the Infernal ſhade.
Let me with ſpeed to any pains remove,
To Hell, or any Torment, but your Love.

Jup. That way my ſelf I into Hell ſhall doom,
And turn their Hell into *Elizium*;
For that is Heaven, where Sovereign Pleaſures are,
And oh! what Pleaſure can with you compare;
Then do not by ſeverity ſo fierce,
Damn the great Soul of the whole Univerſe.

Cal. Theſe fond diſcourſes I'le no longer bear;
Farewell, you only Combate with the Air:
And all your high Contention vain ſhall find:
Ha: He my feet does with Inchantments bind!
Releaſe me Tyrant! ——

Jup.

Jup. Do not yet begone!
I Beg, I kneel, I offer you my Throne. [*kneels.*
Cal. I ſcorn the Throne, the Deity of *Jove*!
Jup. Oh! do but counterfeit a little Love.
Cal. Be gone, the Sight of You I cannot brook.
Jup. I'le give my Empire for a ſmile, a look:
For nothing, —— let me but ſo happy prove,
To oblige one I ſo entirely Love.
Cal. If Gifts you will beſtow, I'le name you one,
Give me my ſelf, and let me ſtreight be gone.
Jup. Proud and ungrateful Nymph, did I beſtow [*riſes angerly*
Thoſe Treaſures on you, which enrich you ſo,
And now I come a begging to your door,
Can I not gain an Alms when I implore?
I'le quickly if I pleaſe retake my due,
And puniſh thoſe your ſawcy Vertues too:
For Vertues in a Soul my Vice-roys be,
And may my Empire guard, but not from me.
Their power vaniſhes when I appear,
Nor ſhall they dare o're me to domineer.
I will depoſe 'em from their high commands,
And take the Rule of you into my hands.
Ho! There the Winds? to yonder Valley bear
This Nymph, and for my Love prepare her there.
Cal. Kill me you Tyrant! *Enter Winds carry off* Caliſto.
Jup. Stop her needleſs Cries!
Now Nymph, it is my turn to tytennize;
She is led hence my Captive, but I find
My ſelf in ſtronger Chains left bound behind:
Glory and Pleaſure in my Breaſt contend;
Pleaſure would ſeize what Glory would defend:
Her Vertues charm my Glory on their ſide;
But pleaſure longs to have his pleaſure try'd;
For Glory like a bragging Coward, does here
Only in Beauties abſence domineer;
But in her ſight 'twill make a poor defence,
And never ſtand before Victorious ſence. *Exit.*

Enter Strephon, Corydon, Daphne, Sylvia, *Chorus of Shepheards. The Scene near the Vale, whither the Winds carryed* Caliſto.

Cho. *Come Shepheards quickly haſten to the Shades,*
The Sun with all his force the Air invades.
Sylv. *The open Plains let us forſake;*
Here is a Grove will pity of us take:
The Trees in gentle whiſperings invite us;
Here are all things to invite us.
Stre. *Theſe pleaſures none can well improve,*
But we, (my Shepherdeſs) who love.
Daph. *Theſe Pleaſures none can well improve,*
But we (my deareſt Swain) who love.
Corid. *Oh happy Shepheard, and kind Shepherdeſs,*
Whom all the Gods, above expreſſion bleſs.
Here Sylvia *cruel, I forlorn,*
Torment our ſelves each day.
Whilſt I with grief, and ſhe with ſcorn,
Waſt all your youth away.
Sylv. *Alas poor Shepheard! the fault is not mine*
That to thy paſſion I do not incline;
I wiſh thy love and deſert were more moving;
For I confeſs I fain would be loving.

She Pawſes and Starts.

What (on the ſudden) do I ayle?
Gentle Winds from yonder Vale,
On the ſudden warm my Heart.
Sylv. *Oh! I'm wounded: Oh! I ſmart.*

Enter *Cupids, and Winds.*

Stre. *Sure ſome God is here deſcended,*
With a Train of Loves attended.

Sylv.

Sylv. *Oh! I'm wounded: Oh! I Love.*
This is ſome inchanted Grove.
Cho. *This is ſome inchanted Grove.*

An Entry of *Cupids*, and Winds.

Stre. *Oh! my Soul is in a Flame.*
Daph. *I muſt fly, or loſe my Fame.*
Cor. *O what raging Paſſions fill me!*
Love me Sylvia *now, or kill me.*
Sylv. *Oh! I love, and long to ſhew it;*
But my Shepheard ſhall not know it.
Stre. *Oh! my* Daphne! *now or never.*
Daph. Strephon, *fly my ſight for ever.*
Corid. *I can no longer* Sylvia *wait thee.*
Syl. Corydon *be gone, I hate thee.*
Chor. *Curſe on this inchanted Grove.*
We are all undone with Love.
We are all undone with Love.
Fly from this inchanted Grove.

Exeunt omnes.

Finis Actus II.

ACT. III.

Juno.

JUNO.

DOwn from the Heavenly Rooms, and Airy Throne.
Where I have long been left alone:
As faſt as Jealouſie my ſteps could bear,
I come to ſeek my wandring *Jupiter*:
I am aſſur'd, he does not wait
On any politick Affairs of State:
He ſtays not to employ his publick mind,
And fix the general Buſineſs of Mankind.
No, I have too much cauſe to fear;
Affairs leſs good and vertuous keep him here.
My Blood grows hot! —— and muſt I then be us'd
For ever thus? —— for ever thus abus'd?
Muſt every trifling Nymph, that looks but fair,
Entice from my Embrace my *Jupiter*?
Muſt all my Charms be every Strumpets ſcorn,
Only becauſe they by a Wife are born?
Oh! Servile State of Conjugal Embrace!
Where ſeeming Honour covers true diſgrace.
We with reproaches Miſtreſſes defame;
But we poor Wives endure the greateſt ſhame.
We to their Slaves are humble Slaves, whilſt they
Command our Lords, and rule what we obey.
Their Loves each day new kindneſſes uphold,
We get but little, and that little cold!

That

That a poor Wife is with her ſtate reproached,
And to be Married is to be debauched.
Now ſome new rival muſt my Soul perplex;
I'le find her out, or I'le deſtroy the Sex:
And I will *Jove* too in his theſts detect,
Or I'le each Bird and Beaſt I meet diſſect. *Exit.*

Enter Pſecas.

Pſe. Where is this Love of mine a wandring now?
When I would ſcarce a look to him allow:
The reſtleſs Slave would follow me all day,
I could not frown or chide him then away:
And now that I would kind to him appear,
The handſom Fool is gone I know not where.
If any of the winged Train of Love
Now hover in this Grove,
Go fetch the moaning Boy to me with haſt,
Tell him the happy Minute's come at laſt:
For by Loves Bow I ſwear,
I with my Goddeſs open War declare,
And for the Battle all my Charms prepare.
Ha! what fair Viſion's this aſſaults my ſight,
My Beauties Love I ſwear arrayed in light: *Enter Mer.*
Sparkling in Glory brighter than the day;
His ſplendid Train ſweeps all the ſhades away.
Mer. My Nymph!
Pſe. My Love appear to me again,
Welcom as ſudden eaſe to one in pain:
Where haſt thou hid thy lovely ſelf to day?
A whole long Morn together from me ſtay?
I have been ſeeking thee in every Grove,
To give ſome eaſe to thy deſpairing Love:
But I'm afraid my trouble I may ſpare;
The Cure's already wrought by one more fair:

Some of the Charming Goddeſſes above,
From me have Spirited away my Love.
Venus has choſe thee for her Page, and ſhe
Has dreſt thee in this ſhining Livery.
Mer. Oh! what amazing Change is this!
I am a dreaming now in Paradiſe;
Or this is ſome kind Image of my Fair,
My Charming Nymph that pities my deſpair;
Act on this ſweet deluſion, pretty ſhade,
What pleaſure does my Heart invade.
My panting Heart is on the ſudden eas'd;
I, ſince I was a God, was ne'r ſo pleas'd.
Pſe. If in my Love be any Bliſs,
Thou ſhalt have more delight than this.
A kindneſs equal to my former hate,
Thou ſhalt not wiſh thy ſelf a happy Fate.
Mer. Can *Pſecas* then do any thing but kill?
Pſecas be kind, and yet be *Pſecas* ſtill?
Pſe. The very *Pſecas* who did hate thee once;
But now does all her cruelty renounce:
And with it both my Goddeſs and her Train,
Whom now I ſhun, I hate, diſdain,
Throw off the Yoak of her unnatural Law,
And all my Beauties from her Camp withdraw;
And now in Loves and Natures Cauſe will fight,
And do my Sex, and injur'd Beauty Right?
Mer. Oh! with what Noble Courage art thou fir'd;
What Courteous God theſe Thoughts in thee inſpir'd?
Lead on, we will begin the War to day;
I'le fight the Cauſe, and thou ſhalt be my Pay.
Theſe pois'nous Fumes wee'l from the Earth remove,
And cleanſe the Air with the hot Fire of Love.
All Beings are concern'd in our juſt Cauſe,
To kill theſe Rebels againſt Natures Laws;
Who if they be not to Confuſion hurl'd,
Will begger Nature, and lay waſt the World.

And to encourage us my Love the more,
Great *Jove* himſelf in perſon now adore,
Does Execution for her proud diſdain,
Upon the faireſt Criminal of the Train:
On her who only ſways your Goddeſs Breaſt,
And thou, my Nymph, hat'ſt more than all the reſt.
Look in that Vale, and thy revenge delight.

Pſe. Oh! how I am tranſported with the ſight!
Oh! that ſome God now my revenge to pleaſe,
Would ſummon hither all the Deities;
All Beings Mortal and Immortal too,
And ſhew her ſhame to univerſal view.

Mer. My Nymph, not yet her Empire underſtands;
See here a God attending her Commands.

Pſe. Ha! what great brightneſs does around thee ſhine;
Something beams through thee like a Pow'r Divine.

Mer, Such Glorious Vaſſals are your Beauties due,
And leſs than Gods ſhould not pretend to you.

Pſe. This is a Fate more great than I would crave;
Have I a God then for my Beauties Slave?

Mer. One of higheſt Rank, and next the Throne.

Pſe. This is a Love I may with Honour own:
For petty Gods, like Mortals I deſpiſe;
But yet I underſtand not Deities.
I fear your paſſion, I muſt diſapprove;
Gods always make diſhonourable Love.

Mer. By Love, by *Styx*, I true to thee will be;
And loſe my Godhead, e're be falſe to thee.

Pſe. Suppoſe you conſtant to your Love remain,
I know not how a God to entertain;
Or if I did, perhaps Divine delight
May not agree with Humane appetite.

Mer. The Joys of Gods exceed the Thoughts of Men.

Pſe. Oh Gods! and ſhall I be a Goddeſs then?

Mer. As great as *Juno*, more belov'd and prais'd,
And have more Altars to thy Beauty rais'd.

Pſe.

Pse. What? and have power to Torture all I hate,
That will not dye with envy at my state.
Mer. All! All!
Pse. Oh! then the Nymphs I will torment!
But for *Calisto* I will plagues invent.
By my Great self, this does so pleasing prove, *Aside.*
My ravish'd Heart begins almost to Love.
Come to my Coronation streight proceed,
Call all the Gods and Goddesses with speed:
Let the whole Air with the bright Throng abound,
To shame *Calisto*, and to see me Crown'd.
Mer. I fly my Queen, and will your Will obey;
But oh! some present Kindness you must give,
To bear my Charges in this way
To Heaven, and back again, in this one kiss I'le give.

Enter Nyphe.

Ny. I heard a dolefull Cry, not far from hence,
Of one who in some great distress must be;
The Voice seem'd like *Calisto*'s to my Sence:
Oh! all the Gods forbid it should be she.
Ha! *Pseces* here a Lover entertain:
Oh! the vile Nymph, she will disgrace our Train.
Pse. Oh! now I long till I my Reign begin,
To plague the Nymphs I hate, and act the Queen.
And see! Already here a Subject for my power,
Thrown in my way by Fortune, to devour.
What brings you here my secrets to discover?
Ny. Not your design to entertain a Lover.
Pse. How dare you so presumptious be, to spy
My Royal, nay, my Divine privacy.
Ny. Royal Divine, and how dare I presume?
Good Heavens! what mighty thing are you become?

Pse.

Pſe. A thing too Sacred for your Tongue to Name,
The mighty Glories of my ſwelling Fame;
You ſhall not once into your Mouth receive,
Nor dare to look on me without my leave,
Ny. Since when were you ſo great, ſo Sacred grown,
Surely if any Honour muſt be ſhewn
The Right is mine, who am a Princeſs born.
Pſe. That's Natures Gift, whoſe Charity I ſcorn.
On my own Treaſure of deſert I live,
And all my Glory from my ſelf receive.
Ny. No, from your Lover you ſome Glory gain!
I'le do you Right, and ſpread it through the Train.
Pſe. How? do you threaten me? ſtop, ſtop her flight;
Although my Fame is ſpotleſs as the Light,
My Goddeſs from diſhonour leſs ſecure,
I'le not th' affront of a diſpute endure.
Ny. Oh! Blaſphemy! Oh! Prodigy of Pride!
Crimes black like theſe do you once hope to hide?
Pſe. Continue ſtill in a Contempt ſo great!
Confine her, till my pardon ſhe intreat,
For daring thus my anger to deſpiſe,
And 'gainſt my Honour to believe her Eyes.
Ny. Thy pardon?
Mer. Will you all you ſaw deny?
Ny. I'le tell it all, though I that moment dye
Pſe. Then kill her!
Ny. Do! thy infamy and ſhame,
My walking Ghoſt ſhall to the World proclaim.
Pſe. To what a height will this young Courage grow?
The ſhame to me deſign'd, on thee I'le throw.
From hence I charge you let her not remove:
I'le call the Nymph, and ſwear you are her Love.
The Lye is Sacred, and prevents a Crime
Her boyling blood will ſure cool in time.
I'le quench the Love ſpringing in the Bloud,
And blaſt her vitious Nature in her Bud. *Exit.*

Mer.

Mer. Run, run, with speed! I'le Charm her in this Grove,
shew her with me *Calisto* there with *Jove*.

Ny. Oh! Traytress!

Mer. Go, obey my Charming Rod,
Know 'tis but vain contending with a God! *Ny. Exit.*
Whilst in this Grove, this Nymph with Charms I tye,
Streight on my Loves Commands to Heaven I'le flye,
To call my Queen! But oh! what do I see,
Juno already here! Oh Jealousie!
This Jealousie's the Ghost of murdered Love,
Which turn'd all Spirit does outragious prove:
Groans o're its Grave the poor despairing Breast;
But never lets the Murderer have Rest.
Juno I fear will all our Plots prevent;
But I will stand behind, and see th' Event.

Jupiter, Juno, Calisto.

Jup. What Sawcy watchful Spies
Does *Juno* place on me where e're I go;
I think the Trees of every Grove have Eyes,
And Winds breath Stories as they blow.

Jun. Is this your Business mighty *Jove* below?
Are these the Secrets none must dare to know?
For this does *Jove* in Clouds his Glory hide?
Is thus his great Omnipotence employ'd?
How will th' *Arcadian* Nymphs his Praises sing?
And Crown with Garlands the Almighty King?
But what need Shapes conceal the wandring *Jove*?
He is transform'd too much with shameful Love?

Jup. The Love I to this Royal Virgin own,
I take a greater pride in, than my Throne;
And all my Shapes do but adorn me more,
As shining Armour does a Warriour,
To fight this Field under the Power of Love,
Is greater Glory than to Reign above.

Jun.

Jun. Oh! Blaſphemy above an Atheiſts Tongue!
Should Men in Thought your Glory ſo much wrong;
The Impious Slaves you quickly would deſtroy,
Your Thunder now againſt your ſelf employ:
Or rather there againſt thoſe Traitrous Eyes,
That have depos'd the King of Deities.

Jup. She has Exalted me above my Throne;
In the ſhort time I have her Vertues known:
The Joy I felt in loving her, was more
Than endleſs Eyes bleſt me with before.

Jun. Then all my Beauties are forgot it ſeems,
And *Jove* for her his Goddeſs diſeſteems.
A long Fruition has a Loathing bred,
Of me for Ages you have ſurfeited.

Jup. I own I have of your impetious mind,
Which to your ſo much boaſted Charms, (I find)
No ſmall indifference in my Breaſt Creates.

Jun. My haughty mind not half ſo much abates;
The paſſion in you for my Beauty's due,
As your low mind does my eſteem for you.
I ſcorn my Beauties ſhould deſcend to pleaſe
One, who degrades himſelf to ſuch as theſe:
With whom if ſtrife were for my Grandeur meet,
I now would trample her beneath my Feet;
But that reſentment I diſdain to ſhew,
And think the Nymph for my Contempt too low.

Cal. Great Queen! all Honour to your Rank is due:
But pleaſe to know, I am a Princeſs too,
And do in that reſpect your Image wear;
Nor does that State from me diſhonour bear:
You ſcorn not more your Monarch ſhould forſake
Your Bed for me, than I his Love to take;
And if for Love the high Contention be,
You ſcorn ſtrife leſs, than I the Victory:
Not that my hate on *Jove* alone does fall;
But I diſdain, and hate to Love at all.

Jun. When first began in you this hate to Love,
This mighty Pride, in the Embrace of *Jove*?

Cal. That raise my Pride! True Honour you Blaspheme?
An Insect, or a Plant, in my Esteem
Are Nobler Beings, and of higher Price,
Than Nymph or Goddess that descends to Vice.

Jun. Oh! how in favour boldly you presume!
When had it then beginning?

Cal. From the Womb.
Rather from Fate, which did my choice foresee,
And durst not other Natures frame for me,
For fear I should 'twixt Horrour and disdain,
Have started to my nothing back again.

Jun. Was ere such Insolence by Mortal shewn?
What then (it may be) you disdain my Crown?

Cal. I do; nor by your Glory would be bought,
To sin against my Honour, but in Thought.
All kinds of Love to me are so impure,
I hate the Marriage Bed, which you endure;
Nor would exchange my Vertue for my Power;
A Virgin is a Queens Superiour.

Jun. Amazing haughtiness! This fawcy scorn,
If thou wert vertuous, were not to be born.

Jup. As Queen she is! more Vertues in her shine,
Than you, and all the Female Powers Divine.

Jun. What Vertues yielding easier to your Will,
And pleasing you perhaps with greater skill.

Jup. She gives me greater pleasure in her pride,
Than ever *Juno* did in being enjoy'd.

Jun. Oh! how he Tortures me! what secret pain
I feel, to counterfeit a brave disdain?
Your pleasure with the artful Nymph pursue;
If Pride so pleas'd, what did Fruition do?

Jup. Her Vertue's more untainted than your own;
And less of yours advanc'd me to my Throne.

Jun.

Jun. What stay'd you then together in the Grove?
Vertue is but of little use to *Jove*.

Jup. Rapt with her Beauties, but her Vertues more!
I tarry here her Vertues to adore.
They us'd that force upon my vanquish'd mind,
Which once on her bright Beauties I design'd.
The fire these kindled th' other did put out.

Jun. To Vertue you are seldom so devout,
And scarce for such insipid Joys would stay.

Jup. Cease your contention without more delay;
Lest you provoke me in this Nymphs defence,
To prove too fatally her Innocence.

Jun. Give her my Crown, the trifle I despise;
By being depos'd from thee, I higher rise.
To thee no more I will my self debase,
But here condemn thee to this Nymphs Embrace.

Jup. Do, we shall both be gainers by the strife;
You get more Glory, I a fairer Wife.

Jun. A fairer Wife! though I with scorn look down
On thy lost Heart, and on my falling Crown,
Above thy Throne, my Beauty I surprise;
I will revenge on thee these Blasphemies.
I will ascend, and leave thy hated Bed;
But mounting thus, I'le on thy Goddess tread.

Jup. Hold, lest indeed I raise her to my Throne,
And to thy Rival make thee Vassalage own.

Jun. Thy Throne and Heart on whom thou wilt bestow;
Without revenge from hence I will not go.
Revenge to my enraged Soul shall be,
My Throne, my *Jove*, my Heavenly Dignity.

Jup. Nay then I'le govern your Imperious hate.
You Airy Spirits that on Tempests wait;
That all the Forces of the Air command;
Rain, Thunder, Lightning, Muster or Disband,
Employ 'em when, and against whom I please,
Vice-roys of all the spreading Provinces.

'Twixt Earth and Moon, quick with your Guards appear,
And take the loudest of all Tempests here:
Your Queen from hence, —— and keep her close confin'd,
In the cold Rooms, where Hail and Snow you grind,
Where with more fit Companions she may be,
With Storms that can reply as loud as she; *Enter Airy Spirits.*
Where she her fill of noise may take,
Rail as she will, and no disturbance make:
And do not dare to let her scape from thence,
Till of her duty she has learnt a sence.

Spirits seize Juno.

Jun. So then; thy Queen must be confin'd above,
That thou below may'st Revel with thy Love:
Loose me you Slaves, I will not bear this wrong,
I will not stir till I have him along.

Jup. Oh! the Eternal Plague! my will obey!
This Tempest from my Ears with speed convey.

Jun. I will not go, you Rebel Slaves forbear;
Jove, to confinement send me, if you dare.
All the Cœlestial Powers shall quickly know,
On what Affairs you are employ'd below:
I'le make 'em chuse another in thy Throne,
To save both Heav'n and Earth from being undone.

Jup. Guard, wait awhile. ——

Jun. Nay, now I will not stay.

Jup. Will you your Queen, or my Commands obey?
Once more I do instate you in my Throne;
Once more this Royal Virgins Vertues own.
Though had she lov'd, it is sufficient plea
For Innocence, that she's belov'd by me;
For I will be controul'd in no amour;
My Love is arbitrary as my power:
I bound all Minds and Beings, but my own,
Am place to all things, but my self have none.

On

On you my largest share of Love shall fall;
But no one Heart has room enough for all.
I like my Sun, my Beams will not confine,
Nor starve all Beings by my self to shine.
And like him too, where e're I shed my light;
I Nature do not alter, but excite.
When on a loose and wanton Nymph I smile,
Her Blood breeds Monsters like the Mud of *Nile*:
But when to Flowers and Gardens I repair,
With fragrant Odours I perfume the Air.
Such were the Sweets I from her Vertues drew,
And you shall own it, yes and thank her too.
Do it I say, and her deserts proclaim;
She of a Goddess only wants the Name.

Jun. I will embrace her, since I must obey;
But she by Heaven shall dearly for it pay. [*Aside.*

Jup. Farewell Fair Nymph! [*To Cal.*
To that I call my Heav'n I now must go; *Jup. Juno*
But leaving you, I leave true Heav'n below. *Guards &c.*

Cal. From what a horrid Dream do I awake?
I am afraid my Sense does yet mistake.
From these Cœlestial Tyrants I am freed;
But still the Thought does horrour in me breed.
I cannot yet compose my restless Soul;
The Storm is ended, but the Billows rowl.
But oh! which way my Soul, a flame restrains;
My rising Blood does almost break my Veins.
A fiery blushing flame's around my Face;
I'm all on fire with rage at my disgrace.
For I'm enough dishonour'd, and asham'd
To breath, but in the Air, where love is nam'd.
But be disgrac'd with an attempt so foul,
I hate this place, the World, the Gods, my Soul.

To

Enter

Enter Mercury.

Mer. The Tempest ended? and no mischief done?
Calisto's Innocence unshaken stand?
This horrid Storm must be again begun.
I'le fly to Heaven, and *Ixion* gave command?
And to my Queen with Lyes my self address,
And bring again that raging Lioness.
Mean while I'le charm the Nymphs within this Grove:
Around, a sacred horror move;
And Visions guard the Sacred ground,
To fright 'em still within their bound. *Exit.*

Enter Nyphe.

Ny. How am I kept a Prisoner, in the Power
Of this base God? Oh! that revenge to have
I were some mighty Goddess for an Hour:
Oh! how I would torment the Heavenly Slave?
But see! my Sister here? and with my Fears
Her lovely Face all deluged o're with Tears.
Ah! what means this?

Cal. My Sister here? be gone,
Leave me to my disorder'd self alone;
And fly these Groves, they are the curst abodes
Of Satyrs, Fiends, or worse, of Impious Gods.

Ny. Oh! how you fright me? I grow pale with fear;
What fatal accident has happ'ned here?

Cal. I'm too disorder'd now with Replies to make!

Ny. No matter, I will no denial take:
What has befallen you since I parted hence?

Cal. What you to hear, do not with Innocence.

Ny. Not let me know it? this unkind appears;
I will both hear it, and have all the Tears.

To

To yonder mournful Shades let us repair,
Which to our sorrows some resemblance bear:
And there to tell your Griefs your Task shall be,
And I will sit and weep for you, and me.

Enter Daphne *and* Sylvia.

Sylv. *Corydon is a Noble Swain,*
And too long has felt disdain;
But since scorn I once did show,
My Love I'm too proud to let him know.
Daph. *Ah* Sylvia! Sylvia! *my Heart* (*like yours*)
Pain from foolish Pride endures.
I angry with Strephon *to day did appear,*
And now long to reconcile;
Yet in pride for a time will seem severe,
Though it breaks my Heart the while.

Enter *Strephon, Corydon, Chorus* of Shepheards.

Daphne and *Sylvia* offer to go, as they Enter.

Stre. *Oh whither does my lovely* Daphne *fly?*
Cory. *How long will* Sylvia Corydon *deny.*
Daph. *It is my Will my kindness to remove.*
Sylv. *And I shall never, never Love.*
Daphne and *Sylvia* Exeunt.
Stre. *Oh! what has chang'd my* Daphne's *mind?*
Cho. *Oh false, and cruel Woman-kind!*
1. Shep. *Come Shepheards do not complain.*
See, see yonder a merry Train,
Of Gypsies dancing over the Plain.
Call 'em straight, Call 'em straight to comfort these poor Swains.

An

An Entry of Gypsies.

No longer complain,
If your Loves shew disdain,
Be proud and disdain 'em again.
The Fools you will find
Will be glad to be kind,
When they once are despised by the Men.

Gipsies go off.

1. Shep. *Hark, Hark! In yonder Woods the Satyrs Play,*
The Ecchoes bring their Laughs this way.
They with some pleasant sport are pleas'd.
The wanton Demy-Beasts some Nymphs have seiz'd.

Enter Two Shepheards.

Laugh Shepheards, Laugh and Sing;
Joyful Tydings now we bring.
The Fair Calisto *is disgrac'd;*
Gods and Mortals hate the Chast.

An Entry of Satyrs

Stre. *All this to me but little ease does give.*
Coryd. *All Joys are dead to me, why do I live?*
Stre. *In death alone we ease shall find.*
Coryd. *In death alone we ease shall find.*
Chor. of all. *Oh false and cruel Woman-kind!*

Exeunt omnes.

ACT

ACT. IV.

Enter Pſecas.

Pſe. HOW long will theſe malicious Woods in ſpight
Conſpire to hide my Goddeſs from my ſight.
Were the Truth known, ſhe is in private gone
To ſome blind Cave with her *Endimion:*
For buſie Tongues are with her Honour bold,
Or ſhe with Love does Correſpondence hold.
Some beautious Youths that do her fancy pleaſe,
Have reconcil'd thoſe bloody Enemies;
I ſcorn and hate her, (though theſe falſhoods be)
That ſhe delights in any thing but me.
At her my generous Revenge does aim,
I in *Caliſto* would my Goddeſs ſhame. [*Enter* Mercury.
But ha! my Vaſſal *Mercury* ſo nigh?
Put me in humor with ſome pleaſing Lye,
For my loſt Goddeſs I can no where find.

Mer. I bring you News (my Nymph!) will tune your mind,
Much better News then did I only aim
To pleaſe and flatter you my wit could frame.

Pſe. Oh! Speak! the Expectation does delight.

Mer. The minute that I parted from your ſight,
Our jealous Queen deſcended from above,
And found *Caliſto* (as you wiſh't) with *Jove.*

Pſe. Oh! Joy! and kill'd her ſtreight?

Mer. She was debarr'd,
The Nymph was then under her Lovers Guard.

Pſe. What ſtrange Event muſt that Encounter have?

Mer. All his Queens Rage my Monarch did outbrave.
With her fair Rival forc't her to comply,
Nay, ask her pardon for her Jealouſy.
Not daring then to truſt her with his Love,
Compell'd her to return, and fled above.

Pse. Tyrant! That I had been his Queen an hour,
I would have plagu'd and exercis'd his power!
Will *Juno* then put up Affronts so rude?

Mer. No, No, the angry Queen I strait pursu'd,
Fir'd all the Mines of Sulphur in her Soul,
The active Flame through ev'ry Vein did rowl,
That she wept Fire, and her whole Soul did blaze:
The frighted Gods, did at the Wonder gaze,
Believ'd the World once more with Fire undone,
And *Jove* look'd round for a new *Phaeton*,

Pse. The World for Ruine surely must prepare!
Let her destroy it, ere *Calisto* spare.
Oh! I'm impatient till she does appear,
Why tarries *Juno*? when will she be here?

Mer. Ere you can think again I left her now
This instant standing on the shining brow
Of a Celestial Arch, of wondrous height,
With her Robes girt, and ready for her flight.
Calisto 's dead by this time, or at least
Roaring beneath the figure of a Beast.

Pse. Oh! Shall she be a Beast?

Mer. If any ease
It will give you, she shall what Beast you please.

Pse. Oh! Let me think! Some very ugly one,
Uglier than yet by Nature e'r was shewn
With all her skill and power, let *Juno* try
To outwit Nature in deformity.

Mer. She shall observe your pleasure to the full,
She shall discover Natures fancy dull.

Pse. My most obedient Deity! But stay,
May not *Calisto* have escap't away,
And found our Goddess, whilst you fled above?

Mer. I charm'd both her, and *Nyphe* in that Grove.
There round they wander, chac't by panique fear,
Take for a sighing Ghost each wind they hear;
At their own Voices start, and Shadows stare,
And think the lofty Trees tall Tantons are.

Pse. Observ'd to every tittle my Command;
Nay, guest my very wishes, take my hand,

Here

Here pay thy self, for thou hast pleas'd me so,
My Favors unpetition'd fall below.
Now *Nyphe*'s Ruine I must next contrive,
For no one my displeasure shall survive.

Mer. For her disgrace do not disturb your thought;
Go, let your Goddess to the Grove be brought.
To shew her Favorites virtues there pretend,
My jealous Queen will soon your Cause defend:
Calisto's fall will some dishonour throw
On her young Friend, and to pursue the blow
Charge her with confidence on Love to me.
Then I, as if I fear'd discovery,
And of my Mistris Honour cautious were,
Will gently call, but so as all may hear,
Nyphe my Love. ——— My *Nyphe*, why so slow?
Come to me here, for I impatient grow.

Pse. How active in Invention dost thou prove?
Thou half deserv'st the glory of my Love.
I could descend to smile now, if I durst;
But that's too great a Favor at the first:
And to rash Youth 'tis an unhappy Fate,
To come too early to a great Estate.
Much Wealth, much Honour, I obtain my Slave,
But I the management of all will have.

Mer. My glorious Mistris, does her kindness shew,
With the vast wealth, I should distracted grow.
But yet some mark of Favor let me wear,
This little Arrow from your Quiver spare.

Pse. 'Tis thine! — But stay, not that, the Dart you have,
My Goddess in reward of Service gave; —
No matter, take it, I her Favors slight;
Nay, to affront her, wear it in her sight.

Mer. How will I strut among the Powers Divine
With this, and make 'em at my Fortune pine?

Pse. Knight my self I now declare,
And this the Badge of my Queens Order wear.
But see the Nymphs walking their Fairy round,
This of their Circle is their utmost bound.

Enter Calisto, Nympha.

Pse. Oh! Let me run and wound e'm with my Eye!
But now I think on't——by my Frowns to dye,
Will be a Fate too glorious and sublime,
And I shall look e'm dead before their time.
They are of use that Huntress to disgrace,
Which 'cause she is of a Celestial Race,
Usurps the Title of a Power Divine,
Though her Deserts inferiour are to mine,
Howe'r by Birth she's not below my hate,
I'll shew her Folly, and dismiss her strait.
Then these may live.——

Mer. See! See! I have descryed
Your Goddess.

Pse. Where?

Mer. There by that Rivers side——
Run, Run, my Queen!

Pse. In yonder Thicket stay
Till my Return——

Mer. My Queen I shall obey. [*Ex. several ways.*

Cal. How long shall we this black, this cursed place,
The hated horrid Scene of my disgrace,
In wild and frightful Mazes wander round?

Ny. Sure we are here by black Inchantments bound.

Cal. Where ere we go, wild shapes around us move!
And every Tree appears to me like *Jove*.

Ny. These frightful shadows are his Guard I fear,
And for some black design, imprison us here.

Cal. They are! What shall we for our safety do?
Run, and the Fantoms swiftlier pursue!
Shoot, and our Arrows flie we know not where,
Are lost in Mists, or onely wound the Air,
They come!—Stand off ye Fiends!—

Ny. How pale they shew?

Cal. And every thing is blasted where they go.
That some brave Man of the old *Tyran* Race,
Would help me to revenge my great disgrace.

If

If any God will tempt my Soul to Love,
Let him depose that hated Tyrant *Jove*.
Ny. Oh! That the Gods should be such wicked things!
Now this into my Soul the Reason brings,
Why Heav'n is hated by the Young and Fair;
It seems, the Deities abuse 'em there:
For which, the old and slighted do not care.
Is it for this Priests bid us worship *Jove*?
Are these the Joyes they promise us above?
But we are safe, my Goddess does appear. [*Looks within.*
Cal. Disguis'd again the Tyrant *Jupiter*.
Ny. Do you not see the Nymphs around her there?
Cal. Cheats, Fantoms, all! — Delusions of the Air.
My heart of fears for you (sweet *Nyphe*) ease!
Leave me to suffer my own miseries.
Ny. Why with unkindness do you Love repay?
I hope you do not think I will obey.
Besides, I'm fetter'd in Inchantments too,
Though I need none to fasten me to you.
The foolish Gods may their Inchantments spare,
Stronger than theirs about your self you bare.
Cal. Fortune who sends me Suffrings, does in you:
Send me the sweetest of all comforts too.
Ny. Discourse no more, I cannot bravelier dye,
Than in your aid, and by a Deity.
Cal. Then let us bravely perish in defence
Of injur'd Chastity and Innocence;
And when we both are dead, oh! if there be
In Heav'n, but any Friend to Chastity,
Some Goddess, of our purity have care,
And to some private Tomb our Bodies bare. [*Ex.*

Diana, Pfecas, Nymphs.

Dia. The chaste *Calisto* sin? if thou woud'st try
To scare us with some frightful Prodigy,
Thy stories within bounds of Reason feign;
Those who out-talk their mark, derision gain.

Who,

Who use Invention must with Art proceed!
They, of all Merchants, the most cunning need.
Pse. I scorn the Traffick, and your Friend, my Jove
May Love, ere I speak any thing untrue.
Dia. Of one most useful Virtue you have store,
Of Confidence, to charge you with no more.
But know, no ill can her fair Soul invade!
Her whole Composure is for Virtue made,
Her Body of so pure a mold is wrought,
Her very Body may a Soul be thought!
A Soul to highest Purity refin'd!
Visible Virtue, a Celestial Mind!
Condens'd to Beauty, in that fair disguise
Descending to the view of humane eyes.
Gross Passions can no more find dwellings there,
Than Men can breath in the Ætherial Air.
There is no Fuel there for earthly Fire,
The starving Flame must instantly expire.
Pse. Oh! How much curious Art you make appear?
How finely you would paint us nothing here?
Your Colours are so fine, your Strokes so small,
That they no Strokes, nor Colour have at all.
I know not how invisible, and pure
Her Body may be, 'tis not so obscure,
But you may see her now in yonder Grove;
There but this instant in the arms of *Jove*,
She humbly condescended to my view.
Dia. I say 'tis false! Nay, it is Nonsense too.
Pse. Nonsense to see! That does indeed surprize!
Nymphs in your service must have witty Eyes.
Dia. That it is Nonsense, I again proclaim,
The Gods for her must a new Nature frame,
Ere Sin in her the least possession gains!
No longer then *Calisto* she remains,
Who sayes *Calisto* then does spot her Fame,
Sayes she's at once another, and the same.
Pse. How for *Calisto* you employ your Wit?
How virtuous 'tis to be a Favourite?

Her

Her Crimes with glosses as you please disguise,
You shall not argue me out of my Eyes.
Dia. Proceed in insolent Contention still?
Cease your Disputes! And know it is my Will,
You never more presume to touch her Fame,
Nor mention, but with high Respect, her Name.
Pse. Gods! Gods! to reverence her I much incline!
What pity 'tis she is no Power Divine?
Yes! I will spread her Virtues, and your own,
What Virtues too they are, shall well be known.
Dia. Call in dispute my Virtues?—Seize her there!
[*Nymphs seize* Psecas.
Pse. Is this the Love to Chastity you bear?
Dia. Who boast of it so much, oft-times have none!
Pse. My Chastity is equal with your own.
Dia. Amazing Pride!——Confine her.
Pse. If you dare.
I'll work on Flowers the story with my hair;
Which round the World some courteous wind shall blow,
Till it with Zeal into a Tempest grow.
Dia. With Pride and Malice she begins to Rave;
Conveigh her to some Beasts forsaken Cave.
I doom her by her restless self to dwell,
And that at once both Fury is, and Hell.

As they are guarding her out, Enter Juno, *who stops them.*

Jun. Hold! Goddess, Do you thus your Nymphs reward,
That with such Loyalty your Honour guard?
Is this the place where Chastity's profest?
Has Love so strong a party in your Breast?
Dia. Has Love in any Breast a greater Foe?
Jun. Do you your Hatred to that Passion shew,
By guarding those who wrong my Bed and Throne?
Am I excepted from your Rules alone?
Dia. On any such did e'r my Favour fall,
Who will not bear my Nymphs should love at all?

Jun. Does not this Nymph in seizure here remain,
For charging the most Vicious of your Train?
Whom you from Infamy defend with Might,
For no desert, but being your Favourite?

Dia. The merits of *Calisto* well I know,
My Favour rashly I on none bestow.

Jun. And shall my Eyes then be affronted too?

Dia. It was some shape abus'd both her and you.

Jun. That curs'd shape still somewhere haunts this Wood,
And it shall bleed if it be flesh and blood.

Pse. See! with Dart fixt, and Bowe completely bent,
She comes from yonder Grove.

Jun. As if she meant
To give us an Assault.

Dia. And *Nyphe* there? ——

Pse. Of Virtue she has much her Sisters share.
I thought to tell you (if I durst proceed)
How *Mercury* her forward Youth does breed,
And make already most expert in Love,
But I perceiv'd I should your Anger move.

Dia. Ignorant Nature (if these Nymphs be ill)
To temper spotless Chastity wants skill,
Or flesh and blood is of too course allay,
And she may waste the fires of Souls away,
And in her vain Experiments grow old,
Ere that base Metal will be turn'd to Gold.
In them I'm sure she did at Virtue aim,
And never yet so near Projection came.

Enter Calisto *and* Nyphe *in a posture of defence.*

Cal. Now, now the Satyr comes, let us prepare!

Ny. Guarded around with Spirits of the Air
In shape of Nymphs.

Cal. Let's make a brave defence,
Who knows what Charms may be in Innocence?
'Twas Virtue to the Gods their Godheads gave,
Dare they, what made 'em impiously outbrave?

Ny.

Ny. If that gave Godheads, we, who Virtue have,
Are above Gods, and *Jove* is but our slave.
Cal. Fear not, but valiantly our selves defend.
Jun. See! See! I think for Battel they intend.
Dia. Amazement! let us their intention know.
Princess, what mean you by that bended Bow?
Cal. Tyrant! I mean to guard my self from you.
Dia. Do you not know me?
Cal. Yes, and hate you too.
And will my Honour to the death defend.
Jun. This is your Royal Virgin.
Pse. This your Friend.
Jun. She knows her guilt too publick to be hid,
So does to Honour bold defiance bid.
Dia. Why sacred Honour do you dare to name?
Is Honour, since we parted, turn'd to shame?
And Vice grown Virtue? Riddles you express.
Cal. That Virtue is a Vice which you profess.
Ny. Practise no more on us that stale deceit!
You wear that shape of Chastity to cheat.
Dia. The wonder almost stupifies my Sence;
Run Nymphs, and bring 'em here by violence.
Cal. Stand off you shapes, and do not venture near.
Ny. Go play your Masquerading tricks elsewhere.
Cal. Stand off, I say, if further you proceed,
If shapes have any blood, I'll make you bleed.
Dia. See! to the height they Insolence pursue.
Now to all honour and esteem for you,
And everlasting farewell; now I'll know,
If against me you dare to bend your Bow.
Ny. We dare, and will.
Cal. And could we make you fly
From your strong Guard of Immortality,
Let Heaven and Nature of themselves take care,
Or stand, or fall, to kill you we would dare.

[*Both strike* Diana *with their Darts.*

Dia. I'm wounded!
Jun. They to Violence proceed,
And have presum'd to make a Goddess bleed. I Im-

Immortal blood runs trickling from her veins.

Pse. Oh! the infernal deed! fetch Engines, Chains! —

Jun. They shall this instant at my Altars dye,
I will revenge my injur'd dignity.
Not *Jove* himself shall his lov'd Mistris save.

Pse. And I the honour of the Priesthood crave.

Jun. 'Tis thine the glory to thy zeal is due.

Pse. Now all my malice is devotion too.

Cal. Like one from strong infernal Chains unbound,
Whose Soul is after long distractions found,
To Sense and Reason, I begin to wake,
And doubt and tremble at my sad mistake.
Is it our Goddess? are you Nymphs indeed?
For Heav'n, for goodness sake, reply with speed.
Yet if you do, delusions still I fear,
Who will secure me it is you I hear?
I dare not trust my cheated ears or sight.

Dia. Ah! Princess! do you thus my Love requite?
Do I displease you then in being too kind?
And is this wound a punishment design'd?

Cal. Am I betray'd into so black a guilt?
Is it your sacred blood which I have spilt?
Oh! Look not on me with that wounding Eye,
Speak not, unless to sentence me to dye.
No other word but death I can endure,
My impious hands from farther ill secure.
Kill me, if you design Revenge to gain,
Ere I grow mad, and have no sense of pain.

Ny. My Goddess cannot save me if she wou'd,
For I am fainting in her loss of blood;
If to her self she does Revenge deny,
I of her bleeding wound alone shall dye.

Pse. Now they begin again their *Syrens* Song,
The Tunes which charm'd my Goddess Soul so long.

Jun. Hope they to be forgiven Crimes like these?
Abuse at once two mighty Goddesses?
The spotless blood of chaste *Diana* shed?
And yet more horrid, durst invade my Bed?

Cal.

Cal. Believe it, I will ſcorn to make defence,
Nor to beg Life, pretend to Innocence.
Pſe. The reaſon for it, is, but too well known!
In ſpite of you, you are ingenious grown.
This injur'd Queen, my Goddeſs here and I
May thank your guilt for ſo much modeſty.
Cal. Your Office, Nymph, I do not underſtand,
Who to implead us gave you the command?
From whom do you derive a place ſo high?
Ny. I ſhall inform you, 'tis from *Mercury*.
Her Charms that God her humble Vaſſal make;
He would not be a God but for her ſake.
And ſhe that ſhe may kind, and grateful prove,
Revolts from Chaſtity, and ſides with Love.
Nature has to th' amphibious Creature lent
An art to live in either Element.
Pſe. Malicious! Will you wipe your ſtains on me?
And ſoyle my Honour with your *Mercury*?
Though could I bow to Love my Noble Sence,
Love then would be a thing of Excellence.
My Nature is ſo Godlike and Sublime,
That nothing I can do can be a Crime.
Ny. My *Mercury*?
Pſe. Yes yours, who ſhould he be?
He durſt not have preſum'd to think on me.
Ny. Did I not find him with you making Love?
Pſe. Did I not leave you with him in the Grove?
Ny. You did, but do you not the Reaſon know?
Pſe. Muſt I a Reaſon for your Vices ſhew?
Ny. Oh! Gods! Are there ſuch things, as wrong, or right?
As Truth, and Falſhood? And is Seeing, Sight?
If Truth be true, and Seeing be to ſee,
You love, and are belov'd of *Mercury*?
Pſe. Which way can I ſuch confidence confute?
But yonder's one will finiſh our diſpute.
Dia. See, *Mercury* indeed in yonder Grove!
Jun. Liſten, he gently calls,
Mer. within.] *Nyphe*, my Love.

Steal to me, I will help thee safe away.

Ny. Steal to thee? who art thou?

Mer. within. Haste, haste away.

Ny. Villain, Impostor, Had I but a dart,
I'd steal to thee, and fix it in thy heart.

Pse. Now Truth is true, I hope, and Seeing light,
Now pray inform us, who is in the right?

Ny. I am, and this some wicked Plot must be
Invented by thy lying God, and thee.

Jun. Astonishment! So soon to Vice begin?
Your youth an early riser is in sin.
Love is in so much haste he cannot stay,
But must set with you ere break of day.

Pse. Now where's your Chymistry? your beaten Gold?
Your spiritual flesh and blood? A finer mold [*To* Dia.
Than Souls are made of? All's a Cobweb Cell,
Where her black Soul does like a Spider dwell.

Dia. Embitter not thy words with Gall like this!
Treacherous Love has rob'd my Paradise,
And pluckt the fairest Fruit that there did grow;
The Gods in vain, plant Virtue here below.
It ripens not by any Sun or Time,
This World for Virtue is too cold a Clime.

Jun. Her thoughts, still for her Favourites, partial stay;
Virtue can sooner faulty be than they.
You may forgive the blood of yours they shed,
But she shall dye for injuring my Bed.

Cal. Yes, let me dye! I many deaths would bear,
Rather than once these foul Reproaches hear.

Ny. Death on a Rack would be a greater bliss,
Than Life in such a lying World as this.

Cal. Chaste Goddess, my Petition is to dye,
Hearken no longer to your Clemency;
Death for your sacred blood alone is due,
Let me not live to wound your Honour too.
I can a Plea produce yet (if I please)
Not only all my clamorous Enemies
Could vanquish, quite, but silence, if I would,
The loudest cryes of your immortal blood.

Not

Not only quell my Foes injurious hate,
But make your blood become my Advocate.
That very dart (would I the truth reveal)
Which wounded you, my bleeding Fame would heal.
But that would too much love for life display;
And so hate the evils of this day,
My self I out of Fortunes way would hide!
My Innocence will for it self provide.
If that shines by me in my shady Tomb,
I shall sleep sweetly in that mournful Room,
And dream not of the Worlds censorious doom.

Dia. Unhappy Princesses, your Fate's severe!
Your Prayers I most unwillingly must hear,
Your Cause I cannot with my Honour own;
A torrent of misfortunes bear you down.
In spite of all my kindness you must dye;
Nay, I must banish too your memory.
What Plea you have your Innocence to clear,
I cannot guess; but I have cause to fear
None, that can all these Witnesses oppose:
At least, subdue the malice of your Foes.
If you shall suffer an injurious doom,
Oh! may your Honour blossom from your Tomb!
I'll build my Arbor there, and every hour
Come and bedew with tears the sacred Flower,
If you be faulty, and disgrace your due
Eternal shades conceal your names and you.

[Diana *goes off weeping,* Nymphs *Guard of* Calisto *and* Nyphe.

Jun. See! in deep sorrow she is parted hence!
Her love to Virtue is but a pretence ——
She is unchaste her self.

Pse. Is that unknown?
Have you not heard of her *Endimion?*
Nor of her young *Hippolitus* that fled
From every Nymph, in private to her Bed?
She to the World has been a long mistake!
Pretends to Chastity for pleasures sake.

For

For ſecret Love does in the Foreſts dwell!
They underſtand each others meaning well.
Jun. She ſhall diſgrace our dignity no more,
I will depoſe her from her heavenly Power.
And crown thee in her ſtead a Power divine!
I will! — the Empire of theſe Woods is thine.
Mean while I to my firſt Revenge will flie,
Thy Foes and mine ſhall at my Altars dye. —— *Ex.*

Pſe. Oh! how I am tranſported with ſucceſs!
Courted and ſought by Fame and Happineſs! [*Enter*
But how malicious does my Fortune prove? Mercury.
Now he comes here to peſter me with Love.
Mer. My faireſt Queen!
Pſe. Thou troubleſt me, be gone!
Mer. What change is this?
Pſe. I'm buſied in fruition
Of a new Love.
Mer. Do you ſay this, to try
If with deſpair I at your feet will dye?
Name him.
Pſe. My ſelf.
Mer. Oh! Now farewell deſpair,
I hope in that fruition I ſhall ſhare.
Pſe. I muſt feign Love, that I may freedom gain. [*Aſide.*
Another time you ſhall.
Mer. Oh! where, and when?
Pſe. Perhaps this Evening.
Mer. Where?
Pſe. In yonder Grove.
Mer. Will you not fail me?
Pſe. Ask a Maid in Love,
If ſhe will fail to meet with her delight?
Mer. With expectations of this pleaſant Night,
Till it arrives, my thoughts I will employ.—— [*Ex.*
Pſe. Do! Expectation's all you ſhall enjoy.
If in the Grove he tarries till he ſees
Me there, he ſhall ſtay longer than the Trees. —— [*Ex.*

Enter

Enter *Daphne* and *Sylvia*.

Daph. *Oh! whither are our poor deſpairing Shepherds gone?*
I fear I have my Strephon *ſlain,*
Sylv. *And I my* Corydon.
Daph. *Oh my ſorrow! Oh my pain!*
Could I my Strephon *find:*
Could I my deareſt Strephon *find,*
I'd never be unkind.
I'd never be unkind to him again.
Sylv. *And I, my Love would paſſionately own,*
Could I find my Corydon.
Daph. *Do I Dream? Do I Rave?*
Look towards yonder Cave.
Sylv. *Our Shepherds come from yonder Cave.*
Sylv. } *Our Shepherds come from yonder Cave.*
Daph. }
Sylv. *From empty Pride I'll be free,*
It ſhall bring no more miſchief upon me,
Since I Love as well as he,
I'll not hazard my joy,
In being fooliſhly coy,
It had like to have undone me.

Daphne *and* Sylvia *go and meet* Strephon *and* Corydon: *each brings in her Shepherd.*

Daph. *Dear* Strephon, *give deſpairing o're,*
Unkindneſſes are gone,
I never will be cruel to thee more.
Sylv. *Nor I to* Corydon. Cory.

Cory. *O what kind God does* Sylvia's *hate remove?*
Str. *And made at length my* Daphne *grateful prove?*
Sylv. *The God of Love.*
Daph. *The God of Love.*
Sylv. } *The gentle God of Love.*
Daph. }
Cory. *Oh happy Tydings!*
Str. *Blessed hour!*
Ever kind and gentle Pow'r.
Cor. *Ever kind and gentle Pow'r.*

Enter Chorus *of Shepherds, follow'd by* Bacchusses.

Chor. *Joy Shepherds Joy!* Diana's *disgrac'd,*
Love has had to day Revenge on the Chaste.
The Bacchusses *here our mirth to improve,*
Come hither to follow the Triumphs of Love.
No mirth without Bacchus, *nor joy without Love.*

An Entry of Bacchusses.

After the Dance.

Cor. *Since all our Grief thus joyfully ends,*
Let each Shepherdess make her Shepherd amends,
To the Temple let's go,
And then we will show,
What every Lover, by Loving intends.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT.

ACT. V.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. THE time is paſt, whil'ſt vainly round I pace,
As yet encountring nothing in this place,
But the long Evening ſhadows of the Grove;
And ſhadows are but ſlender food to Love.
No it is ſubſtance! ſubſtance! muſt delight
Loves wholſom frame and eager appetite.
Malicious Fortune, muſt this ſtay contrive
Some ſudden ill to *Pſecas* muſt arrive.
Nothing that's common could my Nymph retain,
For when Nymphs love, they fonder grow than Men.
Their melting hearts in kindneſs does excell;
And I am ſure my *Pſecas* loves ſo well,
That were ſhe dead, her ſpirit would appear,
And leave th' *Elizian* joyes to meet me here.
Well, patience! patience! time rides proudly by!
And looks upon me with a ſcornful eye;
But I, in ſpite of all his ſwift Career,
Will overtake him, when my joyes appear.

Enter Pſecas.

Pſe. The mighty Victims ready to be ſlain!
Heavens Queen a Vaſſal to my merits grown.
Diana now no more my Soveraign;
The ſhady Empire of theſe Woods my own?
Th' impoveriſht Stars have nothing to beſtow,
But what for my acceptance is too low.
My next affair is quickly to Caſheer
My loving patient Slave that waits me here.

Mer. My Nymph appear? oh! now my Planets ſmile!
What has detain'd thee from me all this while?
I have been wandring here in grief and fear.

Pſe. Who bid you do't? Could you expect me here?

Mer. Can the kind Vows my Queen was pleas'd to make
Her juſt and noble Thoughts ſo ſoon forſake?
Pſe. Do I ſuch trifling Contemplations uſe?
Will I my Memory with you abuſe?
Mer. Though I deſerve not ſuch a glorious place,
My Goddeſs will not from her Mem'ry chace
The noble Creatures which ſhe being gave,
I mean, the promiſes ſhe made her ſlave.
Pſe. Well, if I did, I'll break 'em if I pleaſe! ——
Am I oblig'd to keep my promiſes?
Mer. Nothing can ſov'reign Power oblige, 'tis true,
But its own will, that ſov'reign Power have you;
But yet there is one mighty thing above
Even your own pow'rful Self, and that is Love.
Pſe. Can any one ſuch Inſolence endure?
Love above me? You would affront me ſure.
Who ſhould, or can I Love? Where is there ought,
(Except my Self?) — that's worthy of my Thought?
Mer. True! But ſince Love to me you did expreſs,
Your Love confers on me ſome worthineſs.
Pſe. My Love? Why can you think 'twas Love I meant?
Dare you to hope it be ſo inſolent?
Mer. Why? — ſhould I rudely think you ſpeak untrue?
Pſe. Am I oblig'd to ſpeak my Thoughts to you?
Mer. Do you not Love then?
Pſe. Dare you hope I do?
Mer. Are you in earneſt?
Pſe. What ſhould I intend?
Should I with my own Slaves to Mirth deſcend?
Mer. And am I fool'd then?
Pſe. Well! What if you be?
Is't a diſhonour to be fool'd by me?
Mer. And will you all my ſervice thus requite?
Pſe. Challenge Reward, as if it was your right?
Mer. Your ſervice then is with it ſelf re-paid.
Pſe. Suppoſing not? What ſervice did you do?
I avent a Falſhood? Shame a harmleſs Maid?
Well! when you pleaſe, I'll lye as much for you.

Mer.

Mer. Exceeding well! ——— Did I then toyle and ſweat,
At laſt, this Mockery to get?
None ſerve you for your Fools but heav'nly Powers:
Pſe. Mortals are yours, you may ſometimes be ours.
Mer. What? then I muſt to your Contempt ſubmit?
Pſe. I cannot help another's want of Wit.
Mer. You do continue in your boldneſs ſtill?
Pſe. 'Tis you are bold, who dare diſpute my Will?
Mer. Thou empty fooliſh Female, who to pleaſe
Thy ſickly Longings, with the fond delight
Of thy vain Sex, or rather their diſeaſe
Of Pride, reſiſts thy nobler appetite.
Though now when thou ſo coy pretend'ſt to be,
Thou'dſt give an Empire I would raviſh thee.
But I'll not ſtoop to gratifie thee ſo;
That joy ſome beſtial Satyr ſhall beſtow! ———
Ho! there! ———
Pſe. A Rape! here!
Mer. Call out if you dare,
I'll all your Lyes and Villanies declare.
Pſe. Rape! Rape! here!

Enter Juno, Diana, Nymphs.

So! 'tis well you do appear!
Virtue has excellent protection here.
Much ſafety your good Government affords,
The ſpreading Trees are not ſo full of Birds,
The Caves of Beaſts, as all the Woods around,
Of wanton Gods who ev'rywhere abound,
Waiting to make our Chaſtities a prey,
And Gins and Toyles do for our Honours lay.
On our occaſions we can no where move,
But ſtrait we fall into ſome Trap of Love.
Dia. Dare you affirm it is a Fault of mine?
Can I the Gods to their abodes confine?
If they be weary of their heavenly bliſs,
Muſt I be guilty? ———
Pſe. You are too remiſs.

And both our Honours and your own neglect.

Dia. You are too bold, and full of diſreſpect.

Pſe. Wherein do I that confidence expreſs?
Is hate to Love and Vice grown ſaucineſs?
Your pardon for my dullneſs I implore,
I never knew they were your Friends before.
It ſeems your meaning we muſt backward read;
And we a Key to all your Cyphers need.
By Chaſtity, you zealous Love intend;
By Hate and Coyneſs, Kindneſs to a Friend.
Your nimble Wits have found it out; — but I,
Dull Fool, am hardned in my Chaſtity.
You ſhould have plainly told me what you meant,
Before your wanton Gods to me you ſent.
For I affront 'em all, and ſpoil the ſport,
And quite diſorder your myſterious Court.

Dia. Immortal Gods! was e'r Celeſtial Power
In her own preſence ſo blaſphem'd before?
What? I am turn'd a *Venus*, and my Groves,
Private Retreats, and Nurſery's of Loves.
Hence from my ſight, and in the Foreſt howl,
In ſome Beaſts ſhape, deformed as thy Soul.

Jun. Stay Nymph, and flie to me, I'll have it known,
Here is a Power ſuperior to her own.

Dia. What in my Forreſts here have you to do?
I in my Empire am ſupreme to you.
Go exerciſe your Goddeſſhip above,
There you may ſhare authority with *Jove*.

Jun. Your Nymphs diminiſh there my Royal due,
And I will have Repriſals here on you.

Pſe. Her Love to Virtue now I hope is ſhewn,
And how much wrong I have her Honour done.
She has but one chaſte Nymph in all her Train,
And ſhe enjoys no reſt till that is ſlain.

Mer. Boldneſs above belief! —— I've watcht an hour
From all theſe cloudy Miſts to ſet you free,
And diſintangle the whole myſtery,
And never yet could get it in my power.

I will

I will no longer bear the pangs and throws,
I now will ſpeak, and none ſhall interpoſe.
She then who dares your anger ſo outbrave,
Is my ſworn Female, my devoted Slave!
Bought to my pleaſure at no dearer Rates,
Than ruining the Nymphs ſhe ſo much hates.
I help to gain her her malicious ends,
And for that hire my pleaſure ſhe attends.

Pſe. Oh! helliſh falſhood! ——

Dia. I believe it true! —

Jun. I think it falſe.

Pſe. Th' opinion is my due! ——

I ſcorn to fear he can my Fame remove.

Mer. That let th'event of my Relation prove.
I ſhall bring proofs will make your courage fall.

Pſe. I'll hear no more.

Dia. But I will hear it all.
Can you the honour of my Nymphs reſtore?
And are they innocent?

Mer. They are; and more,
Caliſto's Virtue is above Divine,
And *Nyphe* at the leaſt a Heroine.

Pſe. How he exalts the praiſes of his Love?

Jun. And flatters ſervilely the vice of *Jove*.

Pſe. In your own preſence dares your Rival praiſe.

Jun. To affront me, he does her Honour raiſe.

Pſe. He is no doubt the cauſe of your diſgrace,
And firſt allur'd your *Jove* to her embrace.

Mer. What horrid Monſter art thou? of what kind?
How fortified in body or in mind?
Under what ſpecies does thy Nature fall?
Or humane? helliſh? or Divine? or all?
So many Gods thou dar'ſt deride, defie?
To conquer thee, will be a Victory
Great as the Sun's o're *Python*, nay above
That over all the *Titans* gain'd by *Jove*.
But with the force of Truth I'll make thee bow,
And yet will batter down that brazen Brow.

Dia.

Dia. Melt it with ſhame! — For though ſhe virtuous be,
Malice ſo great diſhonours Chaſtity.
They ſhould not dwell together in one Breaſt,
It is a Serpent in a *Phœnix*'s Neaſt.
Say then, why call'd you *Nyphe* in the Grove?
Mer. Vile *Pſeca* her diſhonour to remove,
And faſten it on *Nyphes* ſpotleſs youth.
Dia. That was not wiſe, it would not look like truth,
To clear your ſtains with Innocence ſo pure.
Mer. Neatneſs alone ſome Maladies does cure,
Contagions ſooneſt taint the fineſt blood,
Unwholſom Rooms they love to change for good.
But us on all theſe pikes her Virtue drove,
She chanc't to make diſcovery of our Love,
And rather choſe a thouſand deaths to dye,
Than hide a crime of the leaſt infamy.
Pſe. Where lodges truth, if Gods ſuch Lyars be?
He knows all this is only true of me.
Cauſe by my zeal his Nymph is doom'd to dye,
He ſought Revenge here on my Chaſtity,
And now with falſhoods does my Fame purſue.
Mer. Againſt ſuch confidence what can I do?
Pſe. What? but your ſelf a foul Defamer own.
Dia. Deſpiſe her boldneſs, and the truth make known.
Jun. I am confirm'd that *Pſecas* ſuffers wrong.
Pſe. If e'r did Nymph from a defaming Tongue.
Dia. With ſacred Truth he does her Honour blaſt,
Why ſhould I judge a mind ſo vicious, chaſte?
Jun. Nor Chaſtity, nor any thing that's good,
Can lodge in one that ſhares *Caliſto*'s blood.
Pſe. My Vice, (I fear) to your diſgrace will prove,
Too much ſeverity to Vice, and Love.
Dia. Hermes! Releaſe me from this Viper here! ———
Who in my ſacred Honour, does not fear
To fix her Teeth, and Venom to diſtill
On that, which is an antidote to ill.
Make but *Caliſto*'s Fame, as *Nyphe*'s clear,
And this bold Nymph a puniſhment ſevere,

For

For all her Blasphemies shall quickly bear.

Pse. When he cleare her, then you do what you dare,

Mer. Her divine Vertues, and unspotted Fame,
Incense and Victims only should proclaim.
All wordish praise she is so much above,
That Eloquence would Prophanation prove.

Pse. Oh! how the Woods must with her praises ring?
Such were the words entic'd her to his King.

Dia. Praise on ——— and *Pseeas's* Reproaches slight,
Torment her envious Nature to the height.
And did *Calisto* triumph over *Jove?*

Mer. O'r him, o'r Pleasure, Empire, Glory, Love.
Despairing to subdue by open storm,
He first stole to her in your beautious form,
Hoping by ambush his design to gain;
And finding that fair stratagem in vain,
Himself and all his glory he display'd;
Himself his Heaven at her feet he laid,
He su'd, commanded, threatned, and implor'd,
Nay, wept, bow'd, kneel'd, and at her feet ador'd;
But could not or by promise, force, or guile,
Entice, compel, or cheat her to a smile.
Her Fort of Chastity to buy, to break,
Heaven was too poor, Omnipotence too weak.

Pse. This to torment you sure is some design.

Jun. It tears my ears.

Dia. 'Tis harmony to mine.
The brave *Calisto's* praise still boldly tell!
My Pleasure is their Rack, my Heav'n their Hell.

Jun. Fond Goddess, who triumphest in thy shame,
Preferring thy vain Fancy to thy Fame;
Contending in thy Favourites defence,
Against thy Honour, Reason, and thy Sence.
If all I can affirm no Faith can gain,
Believe thy wound, and listen to thy pain.
Hark how thy blood thy Favourite commends!

Mer. That very blood will prove her best of Friends.
And only be (when you the reason know)
To your malicious hopes a mortal blow.

Jove

Jove in your ſhape deep on her Soul impreſt,
And ſtrongly with the horror ſtill poſſeſt.
The ſight of you new terrors did awake,
She did your perſon for your ſhape miſtake.
And that deceiv'd her to a Crime ſo brave,
She aim'd at *Jupiter* the blow ſhe gave;
You of his ſufferings alone complain,
You have the wound, but *Jupiter* the pain.
A Crime will to her endleſs Fame redound.

Dia. Gods! then I muſt reward her for my wound.

Mer. You ought! -- but how? -- the Virtue ſhe has ſhown,
Not all the Lawrels in your Woods can crown.

Dia. Happy the moment when my blood was ſpilt!
I'll now have Altars to my Victims built.
Their glory ſhall exceed their paſt diſgrace!
Bring 'em in triumph here to my embrace. [*Ex. Nymphs.*

Pſe. Oh! Gods! this impious ſentence who can bear?
This is a plot betwixt theſe Gods and her,
Wholly to ruine Virtue by degrees,
That they may love and revel as they pleaſe.
Nay, glory in it too, and make it prove
A Virtue worthy high rewards to Love.
And ſhortly all will Chaſtity diſclaim,
And to be virtuous, will be thought a ſhame.

Dia. Oh! moſt provoking! ———

Mer. Her reproach diſdain,
Her ſland'rous tongue ſhall quickly end its Reign.
I'll fetch a ſov'reign Judge ſhall quell her pride,
And this debate impartially decide. [*Ex.*

Jun. She names but half your villanous deſign,
You plot my glory too to undermine.
Ungrateful *Jove*, now weary of me grown,
Will place my Rival in my Bed and Throne.
And it is plotted here among you all!
And my ſevere Revenge on thee ſhall fall. [*To Dia.*
I'll kill thy Nymphs, thy Reputation blaſt,
Throw down thy Temples, lay thy Foreſt waſte.
Thy ſelf from Cave to Cave with Tempeſts chace,
And in the ſavage Beaſts an inſtinct place.

To

To tell 'em who their Murderess us'd to be,
And make 'em for Revenge go hunt out thee.
Dia. Oh! fooliſh Rage! which will no Reaſon hear!
Your Fury againſt me I ſcorn to fear.
Alas! your anger at your equal flies;
But yet, perhaps, you may my Nymphs ſurprize.
I to their Innocence the more incline,
Your Honour to reſpect as well as mine.
But ſince you fight your own diſgrace to prove;
I'll both defend 'em againſt you and *Jove*.
[*Enter* Caliſto, Nyphe *vailed, brought in by Nymphs.*
Come Princeſſes! this poſture is not due!
Truth has unvail'd it ſelf, and ſo may you.
Your Beauties are not brighter than your Fame,
Falſhood and Malice you have put to ſhame.
For the Rewards of Virtue now prepare,
And ſcorn the utmoſt which your Foes can dare.
Cal. Oh! What kind Power has the Truth reveal'd?
Dia. One that has all our wounds entirely heal'd.
Cal. And your wound too! For unleſs that be whole,
My Honour may be well, but not my Soul.
Dia. So well, that I am better than before!
My courage greater, and my pleaſure more!
If I have any pain, 'tis that which flows
From the exceſs of joy, your Fame beſtows:
The mark of which, upon my arm I bear;
The onely Jewel, I am proud to wear.
Ny. Oh! Glorious News! Who proves the Lyar now?
[*To* Pſe.
Great Goddeſs ſome Revenge to us allow. [*To* Dia.
The impious Author there of all this Evil,
Let's offer up a Victim to the Devil:
But ſhe in miſchief does ſo much excell,
Pluto, in fear, will keep her out of Hell.
She'll be a greater Plague than any there;
Furies themſelves will be afraid of her.
Pſe. Did ever Falſhood Virtue ſo outbrave?
Great Goddeſs, on my knees, Revenge I crave. [*To* Juno.

Jun. You fierce, tempeſtuous Spirits of the Air,
Who late confin'd me, to my aid repair.
[*Enter Spirits, the Nymphs ſtand on their Guard.*
The favour which you forfeited regain;
The Honour of your injur'd Queen maintain:
Theſe bold Rebellious Nymphs in pieces tear,
And throw their Limbs in Whirlwinds round the Air.
Dia. Approach who dares! nay, for permiſſion pray
To blow out of my Woods one Leaf away.
Ny. Oh! Goddeſs! let 'em come! for I'm in pain
Till one of 'em at leaſt by me is ſlain.

As they are ready to Encounter, Enter
Jupiter *and* Mercury.

Jup. Muſt I my Heav'n eternally forſake,
To quiet the diſorders which you make? [*To* Jun.
Jun. Return'd again? — Oh! moſt tormenting ſight!
There, I reſign to you, your ſole delight.
Make her your Goddeſs in the room of me,
I'll bear no more the Royal mockery,
Nor be a Statue to adorn your Throne.
Jup. And are you weary then of Empire grown?
Jun. I am, and of my life! ——— And to be free,
Deſire no bleſſing like Mortality;
That my own hand might pour out with my blood,
My ſorrows and my life! ———
Jup. I wiſh you cou'd! ———
That both of us and all the World ſome eaſe
Might find of your eternal Jealouſies.
Jun. Who is in fault?
Jup. Your folly is the cauſe,
For I will not be limited by Laws;
You but in part my kindneſs can enjoy,
My Ocean muſt a thouſand Springs ſupply.
Once more I own this Royal Maid, I ſtrove
To tempt by all the arts of Threats, or Love;
But 'gainſt her Virtue did no more prevail,
Than the old Gyants when they Heav'n did ſcale. They

They pil'd up hills on hills my Throne to ſeize,
I Mountains heapt of golden promiſes;
But found her Virtue from my reach as far
As from my Palace all their Mountains were.
Like thoſe fond Fools when I was moſt ſublime,
I did but in the reach of Thunder climb.
Her Soul ſhot down ſuch Lightning from her Eyes,
Inſtead of ſpoiling, I ador'd my prize.
Once more embrace her then, and after this
The leaſt injurious thought of her diſmiſs;
[Juno *embraces* Caliſto.
And *Mercury* the wrong which you have done
That fair young Nymph with low ſubmiſſions own.
And to whatever ſuffrings ſhe thinks fit
To ſentence you, with Penitence ſubmit.
Mer. I gladly to her fair Tribunal come,
[*Kneels to* Nyphe.
And humbly on my knees attend her doom.
Ny. I recompence enough from this receive,
Revenge and Malice to your Nymph I leave. [*To* Mer.
Jup. And thoſe good Virtues, which her gentle Mind
So much adorn, ſhe ſhall rewarded find.
Now you, who with ſuch zeal the ruine ſought [*To* Pſe.
Of theſe fair Nymphs, ſhall to your doom be brought.
I hope my words they credit may afford,
And all for truth acknowledge! ———
Pſe. Not a word.
Jup. Oh! Inſolence! Charge me with Falſhood too?
Pſe. Falſhood, I hope, is falſe, though ſpoke by you.
Power gives not language the more truth or ſence.
Jup. Aſtoniſhing! drag her to Torments hence.
Cal. Spare her, for I my Honour ſcorn to owe
To her Acknowledgments.
Ny. No, let her go.
For ſhe has done, and let her ſuffer ill.
Pſe. Now I will ſtay to contradict your will.
The Fondlings dandled upon Fortunes Knee
Were ſav'd, ('tis true!) from my conſpiracy.

But to no merit have the least pretence,
Excepting pure insipid Innocence.
Dia. Your judgment (if you please, great *Psecas!*) spare;
We (with your leave) of that sole Judges are.
Oblige us now your Reason to relate,
Why you pursu'd the Nymphs with so much hate.
Pse. My hatred stoop to have concern for them?
You much mistake, the Error I contemn!
Seeing what fondnesses abus'd your mind,
Having some kindness for you, I design'd
To disabuse you, set your judgment right,
And honour you with being your Favourite.
But since you from your own good Fortune go,
And have not Wit enough desert to know,
I throw you wholly out of my esteem,
And no submission shall the loss redeem,
Though in deep sorrow at my feet you fall;
For now I scorn you, nay, I scorn you all,
Gods, Goddesses, and Nymphs, away I'll flie,
And keep no more such trifling company.
I'll hunt alone, and in my self delight,
And be my own most dear-lov'd Favourite.
Dia. She is grown frantick! [*Psecas offers to go, is*
Jun. Rather she is brave. *staid by* Juno.
Stay gen'rous *Psecas*, I thy friendship crave,
Bury not all thy worth in a Retreat;
Give me thy Love, and I will make thee great.
Jup. A most harmonious friendship this must prove!
The Fates design'd 'em for each others Love.
For none love them, and they have love for none;
Their kindness centers on themselves alone.
And they are so exactly of a make,
Each may the other for her self mistake.
Now must the last and heaviest sentence fall
Upon my self the greatest Criminal.
My wretched self (as to my Crimes is due)
I doom to part eternally from you.
[*To* Calisto.
And

And to the pain of heav'nly joy to go;
But yet I must not leave you here below:
In pity to the World, I must remove
Those fatal eyes, out of the reach of Love.
Love must not here those killing darts retain,
To wound and torture Gods, and murder Men.
And yet to place you in my Heav'n, would be
Not your Reward, but my Felicity.
Some middle Region I must prepare,
Where all may with some ease your Beauty bear.
I then entreat, you will (to end this War!)
Accept the small dominion of a Star.
There you and beautious *Nyphe* may dispence
With cooler beams your light and influence.
On the great Ceremony *Hermes* wait,
Let all the Gods give their appearance strait.
These Virgins Consecration nought debars,
I'll in a full Assembly crown 'em Stars. [*Ex.*

Enter

Enter *Strephon*, *Corydon*, *Daphne*, *Sylvia*, *Chorus* of Shepherds, as from the Temple.

Cho. *Happy Lovers! happy Live,*
And all the Gods their bleſſings give.
Cor. *Lead along, and with Delight,*
Let us haſten on the Night.

Enter two *African* Women.

Stre. *What Viſion's this is come to greet us?*
Cory. *See! the Night is come to meet us.*
1 Afr. *Stay gentle Swains be not afraid,*
To ſee our Faces hid in ſhade.
We, but lately, were as fair,
As your Shepherdeſſes are.
Did not a frantick Youth of late,
O'reſet the Chariot of the Sun?
Cory. *He did, and his deſerved Fate*
He met when he had done.
2 Afr. *It is he that hath undone us:*
He powr'd whole ſtreams
Of melting beams,
Red, and glowing hot upon us.
And now we range the World around,
To ſee if our loſt Beauty can be found.

Enter a third *African* Woman.

3 Afr. *Rejoyce, Rejoyce: our Beauty's found,*
Our lovely White and Red,
To two chaſte Nymphs of Cynthia's *Train is fled,*
And they muſt Stars be crown'd:

And

And now instead of what we sought,
Our Black with us must fair be thought.
All three. *This happy Fate, who could Divine?*
Our Beauty then in Heav'n must shine.
1 Afr. *No Losers we shall prove,*
By parting with our Red and White;
If black will serve the turn of Love;
For Beauty's made for Loves delight.
3 Afr. *See! See! the Nymphs are coming here.*
Sylv. *But Oh! what glorious Apparition's near?*
The Clouds amazing Glories gild:
All the Clouds with Gods are fill'd.
And all the Gods appear.

Calisto and *Nybbe* enter under a Canopy, supported by *Africans*; immediately upon their entrance, a Heav'n is discover'd, fill'd with Gods and Goddesses.

The whole concludes with an Entry of Africans, *and this Song.*

Daph. Must these be Stars? And to Heaven remove,
Before they have tasted the pleasures of Love.
That the Gods so ill, such Beauty should use!
What mighty Cost must Nature lose?
Syl. I cannot so much Beauty show,
But what I have, I'll better bestow.
Not upon Gods, or Glories above,
Or empty Renown, but Pleasure and Love.
All pleasure but love, from our hearts we'l be chasing,
We'l kindle our selves into Stars with embracing:
We'l every moment our pleasures renew,
Our Loves shall be flaming, and lasting and true.

Epilogue.

The Epilogue spoken by *Jupiter*, who descended out of the Heaven, and addressed himself to *Calisto* and *Nyphe*.

THE Stars for your Reception now prepare,
And the ambitious Heav'ns expect you there;
But I will spoil their hopes, and break my vow,
For I've consider'd there are Stars enow;
And this inferiour World can scarce dispence
With the entire loss of so much Excellence.
With each of you I can oblige a Throne,
I'll keep you then to grace some Favorite Crown,
On that design you here shall still remain, [Turning to the
And I'll dissolve into a Nymph again. Company.
Which will no less this fair Assembly please;
For Nymphs, in Courts, have sway like Deities.
You Wits who think you Gallantry display,
To laugh at ev'ry thing a God can say,
Will in good manners to a Nymph submit,
And own whatever Beauty speaks for Wit,
Perhaps the power of Beauty to express,
We choose our Language careless as our Dress.
None should come hither to admire, but gaze;
Here Beauties charms, not Wits, you ought to praise.
And 'tis your safest course, judge you of Show,
Fine Cloaths, and Faces, Tunes, and Dances too;
For those are things which you may chance to know.
There is no doubt but you have ears and eyes,
Your understanding comes in question less,
But what do I here trifling thus with these?
There are the Powers to whom we sacrifice, [To the King
In whose great Presence I may well allow and Queen.
To lay aside my useless Godhead now.
You, Sir, such blessings to the World dispence,
We scarce perceive the use of Providence.
And since Your Rule such joy to all procures,
All should contribute what they can to Yours,
Wit by Your Smiles a Lustre does maintain,
And Beauty keeps along and lasting Reign.
Your Sight in them is therefore so extreme,
They, above all, Your Pleasure should conspire.

FINIS.